

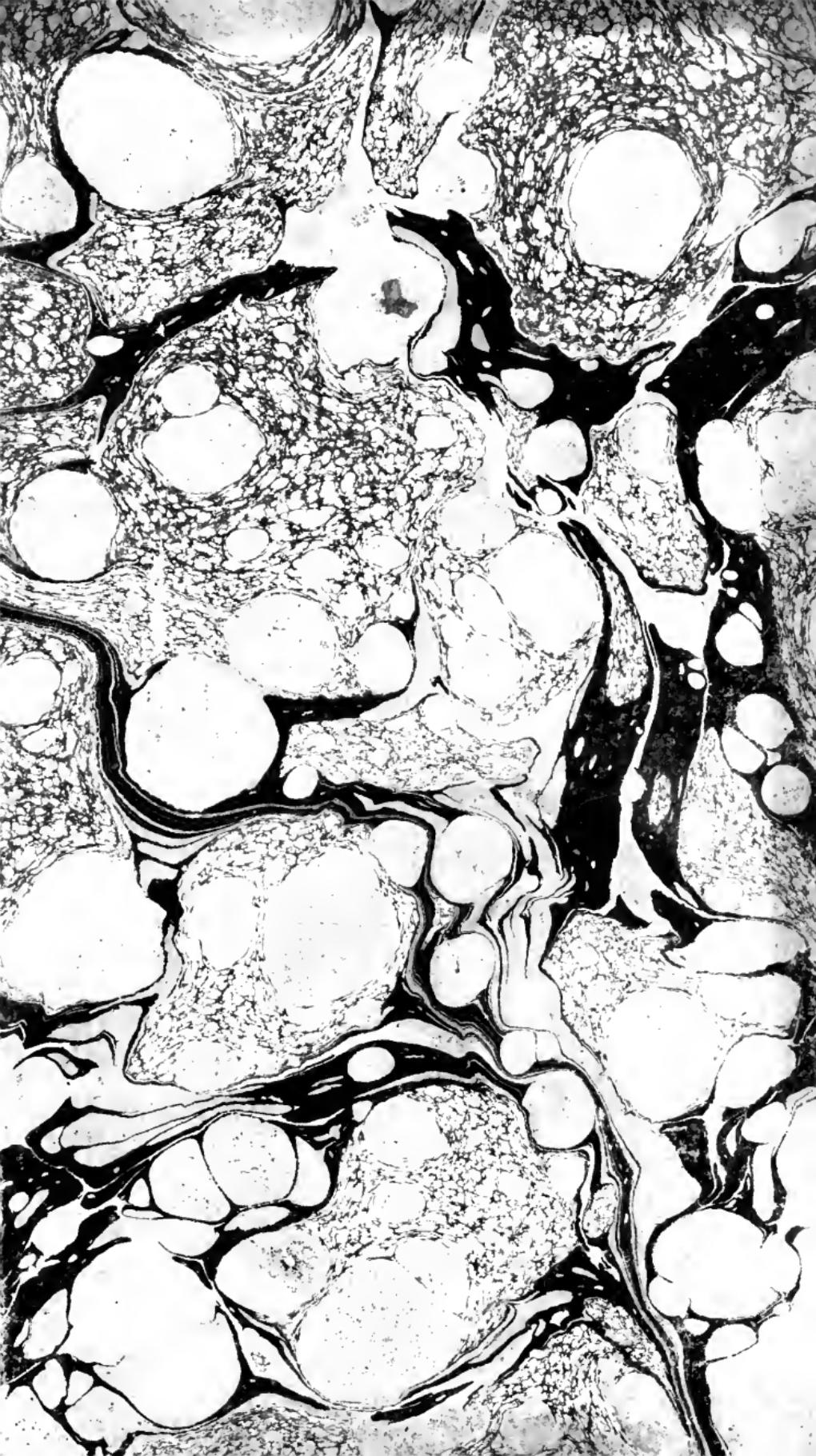
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THE
CAVE OF NEPTUNE;
A DRAMATIC POEM:

ON THE
VICTORY GAINED BY THE ENGLISH FLEET
UNDER THE COMMAND OF LORD HOWE,
IN 1794.

NEPTUNE, MERCURY,
TRITON, IRIS.

CHORUS OF NEREIDS.

ARVA NOVA NEPTUNIA CÆDE RUBESCUNT. VIRG.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

1801.

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INVOCATION

TO

THE HARROW MUSES,

TO DEFEND THE USE OF THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY
IN POETRY.

SUNT SUPERIS SUA IURA. OVID.

FAIR sisters of the song, whose earliest strains
In wild Arcadia charm'd the list'ning swains,
Who thence the fruitful seeds of learning bore
Across the ocean to the Latian shore,
There too disturb'd, have turn'd your wand'ring feet
To this green isle—here fix'd your lasting seat,
Who now on Thames's banks near Windsor, stray,
Now on the forked top of Harrow play,
As oft through Tempe's shades ye us'd to range,
Oft shady Tempe for Parnassus change,
To him, whom once ye own'd, your favour lend,
And still the lessons, which ye taught, defend.

Q. A. 1760. 2

At your command how often have I sung,
On Harrow's hill, the race from Saturn sprung—
The god, who dwells in clouds above the sky,
Launched by whose arm the winged lightnings fly;
The power, whose trident shakes the solid plain,
Or calms, at will, the terrors of the main;
The king, whose rule, remov'd from mortal sight,
Obey the spectres in the realms of night,
And tremble at his frown, and shriek with wild affright.
And am I told, that these must now give place?
That from my page their names I must efface?
Dismiss each god and goddess from my rhimes
As the dull tale of long-forgotten times!—
'Tis yours, ye nine, to rule each vocal shade,
And who your reign shall venture to invade?
Who bid your vot'ry form his voice anew,
Nor more repeat, what erst he learn'd from you?—
Is then forgot the memorable end
Of the rash maids,^a who dar'd with you contend?

^a The daughters of Pierus contended with the Muses for their dominions; those goddesses, having overcome their antagonists, turned them into magpies. The greater part of the

Or doth it raise no fear, lest all who dare
 Like them, transform'd, their punishment should share?
 Quick, snatch the lyre, to which ye oft have sung,
 And shew the world, it needs not be new-strung;
 Whether ye tell of Ceres, as of old,
 Or choose some other story yet untold;
 Let mortals all, who hear the heav'ly strain,
 Know, that old Saturn's progeny still reign
 In Fancy's flow'ry realms and Fiction's wide domain.

Not in my cup, I swear by Styx's lake,
 One drop of Lethe's waters will I take;
 I will not from remembrance blot the lays,
 Which Harrow echo'd in my younger days—
 Those days, in which your vot'ries lov'd to rove
 Through the dark windings of the sacred ^bgrove;
 Or where the steeple rises to the view,
 Or where, in earlier times, the arrow flew;^c

song, by which the victory was achieved, relates to Ceres.—
 Vide Ovid's Metam. lib. 5.

^b The Grove was the name of a garden at Harrow, in which the upper boys were allowed by the owner to walk.

^c A place on Harrow Hill called the Buts, where the cere-

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Then oft, upon some bank, from sorrow free,
Or at the roots we sat of some old tree,
There hail'd the flocks and herds, that wander'd nigh,
Or hymn'd the smiling hours, that fleeted by.
As yet our youthful passions were not strong,
And few the opportunities of wrong;
But rash adventures (when th' appointed bound
Our feet o'erleapt, and trod forbidden ground),
Or themes in haste perform'd (an heinous crime),
Or verse unfinish'd at the stated time
Soon follow'd punishment; nor, that once o'er,
The fault, which caus'd it, was remember'd more.
Past scenes! which, while in manhood we pursue
Life's toilsome march, with fondness we review;
Now constant care fills up the present hour
With schemes for future wealth, or distant pow'r:
Now if we pass in idleness the day,
Or from our road, allur'd by pleasure, stray,
Stern conscience frowns, an unrelenting foe,
Holds her dread scourge on high, but still delays the blow.

mony of shooting for the arrow was performed, before that custom was abolished, and the speeches instituted in its stead.

But whither dost thou tend, my lyre? 'tis thine
To sooth our woes, not teach us to repine;
'Tis thine, in fairest flowers and myrtle drest,
To calm the tumult of the ruffled breast:
With skilful hand the cords Arion swept,
Then to the stormy billows fearless leapt,
With ease the list'ning dolphin ^d he bestrode,
And on his scaly back in triumph rode :
Still, as he pass'd, the sounding harp he bore,
The seas grew calm, the winds forgot to roar,
Till the sweet bard in safety reach'd the shore.
If then, O lyre! thy tones can thus assuage
The tempest's wrath, and still old Ocean's rage,
Well may thy sound compose the mind to peace,
Hush every grief, and bid each murmur cease:
Unworthy he to touch thy sacred strings,
Who thinks of care or sorrow, while he sings.

^d Arion being about to be thrown from his ship into the sea, by his companions, in order that they might possess his wealth, obtained leave to play first upon his harp; after a few tunes, he leaped into the waves, and was carried safe to shore by a dolphin, whom his music had attracted.—Vide Ovid, Fast. lib. 2.

THE
CAVE OF NEPTUNE.

SCENE,

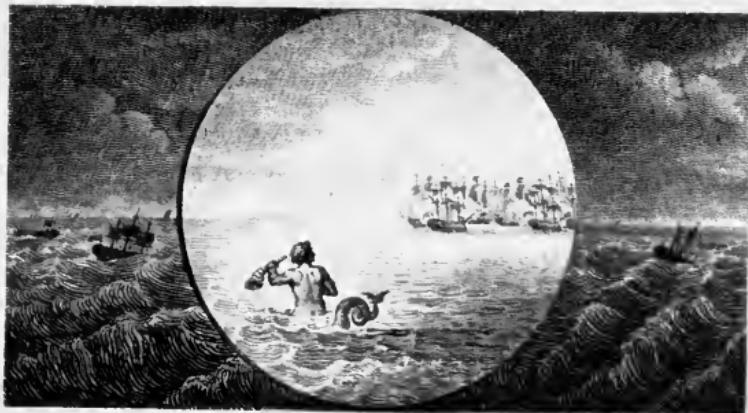
NEPTUNE'S CAVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE is sitting at the entrance of his palace—The Nereids enter in confusion, alarmed at an unusual noise, by which they represent themselves to have been disturbed in their cell, where one of them was relating to the rest the story of the *Creation*—Neptune says he has already sent a Triton to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and encourages them to resume the song.—The Nereids sing the *Division of the world between Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto*, enlarging upon the praises of Neptune's share, the *Ocean*.—The Triton then enters, with intelligence that the sounds they had heard, had been occasioned by a sea-fight between the English and a fleet bearing an unknown flag; that the engagement, though favourable to the English, had not been decisive, and that he left both parties preparing to renew the contest.—Neptune blames the folly of Man in perverting navigation into the means of annoying his own species; and the Chorus expose the injustice of his complaints, in respect to the short-

ness of human life, which has been abridged in its general duration by his own intemperance, and is frequently (as in the present instance) abruptly terminated by his violence. The reflections of the Chorus are interrupted by the noise of the second engagement; the Vengeur is seen to sink at a distance, and the Chorus express their indignation at the pollution offered to the sea.—The Chorus now see Mercury descending through the waters; on being sent to by Neptune he enters and relates that the fleet, engaged with the English, is from Gaul.—A long conversation ensues between Neptune and Mercury, upon the overthrow of the ancient monarchy of France, and the nature and tendency of the principles, which have given rise to the new state of things in that country, and to the present war.—After informing Neptune that the victory was still undecided, when he left the air, Mercury departs to execute the office, on which he came down, viz. to collect the shadows of the slain, and conduct them to the realms below; and the Chorus

sing the difference between Philosophy, (the Daughter of Momus and a Mortal,) ever prompting to new experiments, and Wisdom the Offspring of Jove.—Iris next enters with a message from Jupiter, desiring Neptune to rise in his car, and assist the English fleet; Neptune at first refuses, expressing a determination not to interfere in a contest between mortals; being, however, informed, that his assistance is not required against the Gauls, who are already defeated, but to repress the violence of Æolus, who has let loose his storms, and is opposing the return of the conquerors to their native land, he consents to lend his aid, and accounts for the hatred borne to the English by Æolus, as proceeding from his old enmity against Æneas, from whom they are descended.—The Chorus describe the preparations for the ascent, declare their intention of hastening the progress of the victorious fleet homeward, and conclude with the mention of the joy with which it will be received on its arrival in England.



THE CAVE OF NEPTUNE.

S C E N E,

NEPTUNE'S CAVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Neptune sitting at the entrance of the Cave—enter to him the Nereids.

NEPTUNE.

SAY, wherefore, Daughters, thus, in wild dismay
To my old mansion have ye urg'd your way?
Your scatter'd hair and trembling eyes proclaim,
Without the aid of language, that ye came

Upon no slight occasion; quickly speak,
 Why thus hath fled the coral from your cheek?
 Have my rude Tritons any insult dar'd?
 Or by the surly Proteus are ye scar'd,
 Driving his scaly herds too near the cell,
 In which my blue-ey'd daughters love to dwell?
 Without reserve declare your sad distress,
 Your sire and king shall quickly grant redress.

NEREID.

We thank thee, Father; often in our grief
 In thy protection have we found relief.—
 No insult from rude Tritons we sustain,
 Nor of old Proteus come we to complain;
 Far from his herds we sat, within the cell
 In which thy blue-ey'd daughters love to dwell;
 The nymph Ligea ^e to her sisters told,
 How this fair world from chaos rose of old;
 When, as we listen'd to the pleasing tale,
 Dread noises did at once our ears assail;

^e Ligea one of the Nereids, so called from the sweetness of her voice.

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Like thunder, much they seem'd, but seem'd more nigh
Than thunder when it bellows through the sky.
Scar'd at the horrid din, our helpless bands
Forsook the Cave, and fled along the sands:
Nor ceas'd our flight, until our weary feet
Had reach'd the entrance of this sacred seat.
Cheer'd by thy presence, still we dread to hear
What dire event impends; nor vain our fear—
For never, since by thy all-powerful aid
The strong foundations of the deep were laid,
Were heard such noises in these realms before.

NEPTUNE.

Daughters, myself did hear the dread uproar.
Tremendous was the sound; the palace-wall
Shook, as it echo'd through the vaulted hall:
Nor know I yet the cause; but stay ye here,
My trembling Children, and compose your fear;
For I have sent a Triton, to inquire
What meant the tumult: strike, meanwhile, the lyre,
And let my wat'ry subjects all rejoice
To hear the music of Ligea's voice!

CHORUS.

STROPHE.

Soon ^f as the Gods repos'd (their labours done),
In his flaming car, the Sun
Rush'd through the vault of heaven, as if in haste
To view the glories of his new domain,
Rending the veil of darkness, as he pass'd;
The world's great fabric stood at once display'd;
Amidst their gazing train
Well pleas'd, old Saturn's sons survey'd
The wond'rous pile their hands had made;
And as beneath their comprehensive view
The vast expanse in three divisions lay,
Three lots at once the mighty brothers drew
Fixing to endless time the limits of their sway.

^f The Nereid is supposed to resume the song, which was interrupted, and the Creation of the world having been described (as appears by the 19th and 20th lines) she now proceeds to sing the Division of it.

ANTISTROPHE.

To Jove was given the empire of the sky;
 There he sits in majesty,
 In the bright regions of eternal day;
 Among the clouds, that bear his massy throne
 Loud thunders roll, and forked lightnings play.
 'Twas Pluto's doom to rule the shades below:
 Far from the Gods, alone,
 Within the sable realms of woe
 Where Styx's sullen waters flow,
 He sways his iron sceptre; by his side,
 Snatch'd from her sisters of ethereal race,
 Persephone, a melancholy bride,
 Beholds in silent awe the horrors of the place.

EPODE.

MIGHTY Ruler of the sea,
 Blest be the lot which gave these realms to thee.—
 Propitious Chance thy empire laid,
 Nor in eternal shade,
 Nor in the kingdoms of unceasing light;
 For o'er our grots and caves the Night

Her sable mantle throws,
What time th' empyreal coursers close
Their eager race, with furious leap,
Bounding down the western steep,
Till their burning sides they lave
In the cool Atlantic wave ;
And when the Hours unbar the eastern gate,
And to th' admiring world the God of day
Marches forth in gorgeous state,
Here too his orb is seen ;
Not blazing with the yellow glare,
With which he fires the regions of the air ;
Our waters blunt his arrows keen,
Slow through the wave descends the broken ray,
And decks our crystal seats in tints of softest green.
What though oft the wintry storm,
Sweeping furious through the skies,
With many a wrinkle, as it flies,
Ocean's hoary face deform ?
The great Abyss doth undisturb'd repose ;
Though Æolus should wide unclose
His bolts and bars, releasing every wind
In his vast cave confin'd,

The blust'ring Hosts would seek in vain
To dive into the main,
And violate the bosom of the deep.
Sisters, in security
In our grottos we may lie,
And woo with softest songs the God of sleep;
Or, sitting on some moss-grown steep,
Count the fish, that frolic by:
Or will ye rather in the waters play?
Or choose ye on the yellow sands to stray?
Or among the rocks to go,
Where the spreading Corals grow,
And pull their branches to adorn our Cell,
Mix'd with many a pearly shell?
Let not terrors vain alarm us;
Nothing in these realms can harm us.
But see the Triton messenger appears,
Quick, Father, bid him speak, and say what caus'd our
fears.

Enter Triton.

NEPTUNE.

Much I commend thy haste, my Son, declare
What saw'st thou in the Regions of the Air?

TRITON.

Obedient to thy Voice, my Sire, I sped
Quick through the yielding waters, till my head
Into thin air I rais'd, then look'd on high,
Whence came the dread disturbance, to decry;
Clear shone the azure vault of Heav'n around,
And not a spot on the vast arch I found
To dim the shining lustre of the day:
But at some distance on the waters lay
A thick white mist, not in the air it hung,
But to the surface of the Ocean clung.
From out the hollow bosom of that cloud
The noise, thou heard'st, proceeded; not more loud
Roar'd the dread thunder, when the Giants strove
To drag from his great throne celestial Jove,

When by his bolts, transfix'd, Typhœus fell
From high Olympus to the gulphs of Hell:
Here too I saw the livid lightning flash,
And ever and anon an horrid crash
Reach'd my astonish'd ear; so (when the roar
Of the wild tempest rises on the shore,
When the grove shakes upon the lofty rock,
And its tall oaks against each other knock,)
Resound the waters, if some loosen'd tree
Down the steep cliff is dash'd into the sea.
Mix'd with these sounds I heard a bitter cry;
'Twas the sad voice of Human Misery;
The groan of thousands rent the troubled air,
Dire screams of pain, and ravings of despair:
With these, the clamour loud of savage joy,
And shouts of men exulting to destroy;
The wild uproar of strife, and din of war,
That howl around the fierce Bellona's car.
Full well I then perceiv'd, that hostile rage
Had urg'd the sons of Earth in fight t' engage
Upon our wat'ry plains;—Distain'd with blood,
High on their floating towers the warriors stood,

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Thence hurl'd destruction on each other's head,
And strew'd each adverse ship with heaps of dead;
Tore down its proud aspiring mast, or gave
Through its pierc'd sides an entrance to the wave.

NEPTUNE.

But say, what mighty power did they employ,
Across the sea to spread such fierce annoy?
How from a distance thus each other reach?
How through those wooden bulwarks force a breach?
Thick planks of sturdy oak the ship surround,
Whence e'en the surging billows back rebound.

TRITON.

A wond'rous engine did the means supply,
A hollow Tube, within whose cavity
Were kindled fires; these, struggling for a vent,
Large iron bolts with force Volcanic sent
Far as the eye could reach, athwart the air;
And as the flames did thus a passage tear
From their deep womb, they gave that horrid roar
Which to thine ear the troubled waters bore.

But nought distinctly, while the battle rag'd,
Could I discern; in distant fight engag'd,
Some ships now dimly through the mist appear'd;
But, as they nearer to each other steer'd,
They pour'd their fury with redoubled might,
And thicker shades soon snatch'd them from my sight.

At length the tumult of the conflict ceas'd,
Silence prevail'd; at her return well-pleas'd,
In calm repose, the Air and Ocean lay;
The clouds of smoke roll'd heavily away,
And two great Navies stood disclos'd to view,
Retiring one, one eager to pursue.

The latter quickly by her flag I knew,
The flag so oft by Albion's sons display'd,
As to our Ocean's utmost bounds they trade:
But that, which further contest had declin'd,
Unknown I left; three colours were combin'd
In equal stripes her pennant to compose,
Red, White, and Blue, beside each other rose;
But since Man's restless mind, or hopes of gain,
First bade him wander o'er the pathless main,
Though on our waves his ships have met mine eyes,
In number as the Stars that deck the skies,

Yet ne'er 'mongst all the various flags they bore
 Saw I that ensign on the Seas before:
 Vainly it seem'd to woo the tardy wind,
 The British Fleet came pressing on behind;
 And both for farther contest 'gan prepare,
 When swiftly I descended from the air,
 These tidings to thine ear, mine honour'd Sire, to bear.

NEPTUNE.

Of all the creatures Jove design'd to bless,
 And sent on earth in search of happiness,
 Mankind, who boast their more extensive view,
 The way least see; or seeing, least pursue.
 Each blessing which the fav'ring Gods bestow,
 Their foolish passions make the source of woe.
 Minerva deign'd to guide the builder's hand,
 And Argo^g rose upon the Grecian Strand;
 Thence as the vessel wander'd o'er the deep,
 My voice propitious bade the tempests sleep;

^g *Argo* was the name of the ship in which the Argonauts made their famous expedition—it is always mentioned among the Greeks as the first ship, *i. e.* the first vessel with sails.

The barriers thus, by Nature interpos'd
 Between Earth's different regions, we unclos'd;
 Led wond'ring man, to realms before unknown,
 To learn new arts, and make their fruits his own:
 Then Commerce hasten'd from her golden store,
 With bounteous hand large streams of wealth to pour,
 And mighty cities rose on many a barren shore.
 But had I known, that Mortals would employ,
 Perversely thus, each other to destroy,
 The means we gave their welfare to increase,
 And with their broils disturb my kingdom's peace—
 This had I known; when first her lofty sail
 The vessel spread, and flew before the gale,
 One swelling wave had burst upon her head,
 And all her crew been number'd with the dead;
 The crowds, which loudly cheer'd her rapid flight,
 Had shriek'd, as she went down, with wild affright,
 Nor Man again had dar'd to tempt the Ocean's might.

CHORUS.

STROPHE.

Oft at the dead and silent hour of night,
 When from our grottos deep, and dusky caves,

To the calm surface of the seas we rise,
To gaze upon the pale moon's silver light,
Or count the stars, that wander through the skies;
Mix'd with the murmur of the breaking waves,
From distant shores the tranquil Air
Slowly to my ear doth bear
The mournful accents of complaining Man:
Rash he upbraids to Nature's plan.

“ That ere his eyes behold the light of day,
Death marks him for his prey;
That first the new-born infant to assail
Disease the Tyrant sends and pain,
With all their horrid train;
That, if these cruel ministers are slow
Against health's stubborn vigour to prevail,
Danger, then, and many a snare
Across life's narrow path the Foe doth lay
To catch the hapless traveller on his way,
And drag him to the tomb, that yawns below:
That vain his toil, and useless is his care,
For man is seldom doom'd to wear
The wreath, in youth he gain'd, on age's silver hair.”

ANTISTROPHE.

Cease, mortals, cease! nor thus with voice profane
Charge on impartial Heav'n the ills ye feel;
The world first made, Jove plac'd the Sisters three
Deep in those realms, where shades eternal reign,
There bade them deal the dole of destiny.
One holds the Distaff, and One turns the Wheel,
The wheel, which doth for ever run;
And as the vital Thread is spun,
The Third surveys it with unerring eye,
Holding the iron Shears on high;
Till once her hand doth on the work descend,
And then man's life doth end.
But long of old the mighty Power delay'd
To smite the Skein, nor seem'd, as now,
In haste to strike the blow;
Till Man provok'd the patient deity,
Forsook the verdant lawn and sunny glade,
Where with fawns, and Satyrs gay,
And the brown Wood-Nymph Health he us'd to roam;
Sought walled cities and the gilded dome,
Where dwells the soft Enchantress Luxury;

And there in Pleasure's downy lap he lay,
 And slumber'd through the live-long day,
 Nor heeded, as he slept, his strength did pass away.

EPODE.

For soon the Flood of Life, which erst supplied,
 Warm through the glowing veins its salient tide,
 Blush'd in the cheek, and sparkled in the eyes,
 And swiftly round its mazy circle ran,
 Chill'd by the icy hand of Sloth, began
 To slack its course, and by degrees more slow
 It crept along the winding arteries,
 Till scarce the lazy stream appear'd at all to flow.
 —Then dire Disease first shook Man's languid frame,
 And with her came
 Sad Melancholy, gloomy Discontent,
 With all the dark and visionary Train
 Of shapeless Terrors, that a passage find
 Through the disorder'd senses to the mind:
 And pining Sorrow, Fear, and Shame,
 With Envy e'er on mischief bent,
 And Hate, and Anger fierce, the monstrous brood of Pain.
 —Why then of Heaven doth mortal man complain?

On his own head he drew an early doom,
 And open'd for himself the tomb,
 Ere Nature bade him quit the stage;
 And ever and anon with frantic rage
 He swells the note of war aloud,
 Till at the call whole Nations crowd,
 To dip their guilty hands in human gore—

SEMI-CHORUS.

And hark! e'en now the horrid Thunders roar;
 The Storm of Death again
 Is rising on the main.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Rash Mortals!—Dread ye not the Elean fate,^h
 While thus the shafts of Jove ye emulate?

^h *Elean fate.*—Salmoneus, king of Elis, built a bridge over the city, along which he drove his chariot to imitate thunder, throwing down burning torches for lightning. He was struck by Jupiter with lightning for his impiety. See 6th book of Virgil, in which he is mentioned among the criminals seen by Aeneas in the infernal regions.

—A real bolt the God from far
 Threw with a tremendous sound,
 The Monarch tumbled from his car,
 A blacken'd Corse, upon the ground.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Harken, Sisters, now the roar
 Is louder than before;
 And, see, a mighty Mass is downward borne,
 The yielding waves beneath its weight divide,
 'Tis an huge Vessel in the conflict torn ;
 Behold upon its masts, and on its side,
 Are crowds of dying Men: Their cries
 Reach not our ears: The shriek
 Of mortal voices is too weak
 To pierce our watery fluid; but your eyes
 May see the Wretches vainly gasp for breath,
 And struggle in the pangs of death.

CHORUS.

Great Jove, within their native regions keep
 These sons of Earth; There let them load the plain

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(If blood be their delight) with heaps of slain;
 But let not foul Pollution stain
 Our crystal Vaults serene, and Temples of the Deep.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Some God from Air, my Sisters, downward bends
 His course, and swiftly through our waves descends.

SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis Mercury, Caduceusⁱ in his hand
 He bears, and now his feet have reach'd the sand.

NEPTUNE.

Go, Triton, to him quick our greeting bear,
 And bid him to this spot with speed repair;
 Say, Ocean's king his presence doth require.

[*Triton goes out.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Thy summons he obeys, mine honour'd sire.

[*Looking out.*

ⁱ The name of Mercury's wand.

Enter Mercury.

NEPTUNE.

"Tis well—Hail son of Maia and of Jove,
 What hither brings thee from the realms above?
 Loud Tumult in the air hath long prevail'd;
 E'en here the horrid Din our ears assail'd,
 Disturb'd the silence of my peaceful reign
 Here, in the deep recesses of the main.
 Nor know we yet, what thus hath mortals led
 To pour their vengeance on each others head;
 The Cause relate; but first say, who the Foes,
 That in the contest Albion's sons oppose?
 For, as I hear, their fleet an Ensign wore,
 Which on our seas was ne'er unfurl'd before.

MERCURY.

The foes of Albion's sons from Gallia came,
 A land long noted in the rolls of Fame;
 On her few ships of late strange Colours fly,
 But oft her well-known vessels met thine eye,

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When from her ports to many a distant shore
Her busy trade the Flower-de-Luces bore.

NEPTUNE.

Fair France of old I know, her wide Domains,
Her crowded Cities, and her fertile Plains:
But what this dreadful conflict hath brought on,
Between her Fleet and mighty Albion?

MERCURY.

Great King, who far beneath the sounding wave
Hast fix'd thy seat in Ocean's silent cave,
Yet oft dost view the Earth's extended plain,
Borne in thy floating car upon the main,
Much wilt thou feel of Anger and Surprise,
When next the Realms above shall meet thine eyes:
France is no more. A crimson Stain of blood
Marks the sad spot, where once her empire stood:
The mighty Monarch, who her sceptre bore,
A headless trunk, lies weltering in his gore:
Driv'n from the much-lov'd soil, which gave them birth,
Her gallant Nobles wander o'er the earth,

While furious crowds at home with frantic cry
Profane the sacred name of Liberty;
Spurn at all laws, and by no rule restrain'd,
Spread havoc and destruction through the land.
For crimes of blackest die the Public weal
Is made pretext; beneath the mask of Zeal,
Revenge and Malice hunt their helpless prey;
And Murder walks abroad in open day.
As once by Cadmus charm'd, the Theban^k band,
Each raising 'gainst the rest his armed hand,
(A monstrous progeny) by mutual blows
Fell to the parent earth from whence they rose,
So Gallia's sons had press'd ere now the plain,
In civil discord by each other slain,

* Cadmus having lost all his companions, who were destroyed by a serpent, killed the monster; and, by the direction of Minerva, sowed its teeth in the ground. From this seed sprang up a band of armed men. As Cadmus was preparing to attack these new enemies, they fell upon each other, and fought till only five remained, who assisted Cadmus in building Thebes. Ovid Metam. lib. 3.—Another account adds, that this sudden hostility was produced by a stone thrown among them by Cadmus for that purpose.

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Had not their Leaders, trembling at th' event
Of their own arts, to foreign warfare sent
The thousands, who at home disdain'd controul.
They blew the trump of war; from pole to pole
The blast resounded, till its loud alarms
Had call'd the nations of the earth to arms.
Nor on the seas alone the warriors meet;
The solid land too shakes beneath their feet.

NEPTUNE.

Once kindled, far the flames of Discord spread,
But what in France this horrid mischief bred?

MERCURY.

Since first from earth at Jove's command he rose,
Man, restless man, could ne'er enjoy repose.
Of ills he most complains, when most at ease,
And full of health, imagines a disease:
Or blest with all, that Heav'n can on him pour,
Throws what he hath, away in search of more.
The Monarchy of France from ancient days
Had stood; the Nation's greatness spake its praise.

Some faults it had, which Wisdom would have cur'd,
Or, ere the system have destroy'd, endur'd;
For let vain Man survey the earth around,
Where will his works without defect be found?
—Not from its faults arose the Discontent,
Which overthrew that ancient government.

The Arrogance of vain Philosophy
Dar'd on the state her baneful schemes to try;
She spake of grievances, proclaim'd aloud
A list of fancied ills, and told the crowd,
The Fabric, which their rude forefathers priz'd,
Ought by the wiser sons to be despis'd;
Thus making for its ruin a pretence,
Th' antiquity, which call'd for reverence:
She promis'd in its stead a Pile to raise,
Where all alike in ease should pass their days;
Nor, while her visionary plan she drew,
Man's wants consider'd, or his nature knew.

Strange were her maxims, “ That the Sons of earth,
Sprung from one source, were equal at their birth;
That all, what Heav'n bestow'd, alike should share,
Since all alike were Providence's care;

Nor was it just, his equals Man should see
Above himself in wealth or in degree."

NEPTUNE.

Strange maxims these indeed! Philosophy
Thus from plain sense and truth doth ever flie
To specious sophistry; thus ever weaves
Her subtle web; and e'en herself deceives.
There is in Man a Particle of fire
Divine infus'd, which prompts him to aspire:
This active power can never be destroy'd;
But may in each be well or ill employ'd;
If well directed, it to Virtue leads:
If ill, to Vice gives birth and foul misdeeds:
Hence wisest Legislators, with deep thought
Framing the social system, e'er have sought
Not to root out, but in its course to guide
Ambition, and fit objects to provide
For its pursuit; thus in Communities
Degrees and ranks above each other rise.
And abject is the mind, which at their birth
Would on one level place be sons of earth,

And with such niggard hand reward bestow,
That not beyond the grave the stream should flow:
What! in their prospect shall the Good and Great
Be circumscrib'd within life's narrow date,
And comfortless into the earth descend,
Griev'd that their Honours with themselves shall end?
No—In the tranquil evening of his days
When pleas'd the Hero thinks on former praise,
And views his well earn'd Laurels, let him know,
They yet shall flourish on another brow;
That, when at rest (his race of glory run)
He sleeps within the tomb, his noble Son,
Grac'd with his titles, shall revive his name,
Tread in his steps, and emulate his fame.
For Wealth—To guard from force the larger share,
Acquir'd by toil and labour, the main care
And purpose is of government; if Men
Were equal all in this, where would be then
The recompense of patient Industry?
Not on such terms doth Heav'n its gifts supply,
The boon bestow'd on Man he should possess,
As may promote the general happiness;

'Twas giv'n at first his Talents to employ,
And what by those he gains, Heav'n wills him to enjoy.

CHORUS.

In ev'ry Path he treads, or high, or low,
Flowers in his road, and Thorns promiscuous grow;
Still Fortune's temple glitters in his eyes,
And Hope on golden wings before him flies;
Joyful he follows, where the Goddess leads,
Nor labour, as he mounts, nor danger heeds;
But if henceforward none must strive to gain
The steep ascent, but on one level plain
Without pursuit the Sons of earth shall stray,
What then shall cheer them on their dreary way?

NEPTUNE.

Yet few there are among mankind, who know,
To what their sorrows or their joys they owe.
And discontented many in each State
Will e'er be found, who all above them hate,
And envy those, whom they should emulate.
Say on, my Son, the factious crowd, I fear,
To their new Teacher lent a willing ear.

MERCURY.

On every side the people round her throng'd
To hear that wealth and power to them belong'd:
They listen'd to her voice in wild delight,
Till rouz'd at length to vindicate their right,
They heav'd the Monarchy from off its base;
And bade her raise a fabric in its place.
But this no easy task the Goddess found,
And her new Pile soon tumbled to the ground:
Another quickly on its ruins rose;
Now this too shakes, meanwhile in torrents flows
The nation's dearest blood, and long shall flow;
Successive systems will they yet o'erthrow;
And thousands more must perish in the wreck,
Ere sad Experience shall this frenzy check:
For now the Multitude dominion crave,
And think the man, who shares not pow'r, a slave;
Look round with scorn on each well-order'd State,
And in their fury vow eternal hate
To Monarchy, oft threat'ning to pull down
Each neighbour King, and trample on his Crown.

NEPTUNE.

But why, when thus they have o'erturn'd the throne
 In France, this rage 'gainst foreign Monarchs shewn?

MERCURY.

The Doctrine, they have learn'd, was not design'd
 Within the bounds of France to be confin'd.
 Philosophy a larger plan pursues,
 And o'er the peopled earth extends her views;
 ' Around the globe,' she saith, ' the gloomy Night
 Of Ignorance prevails o'er Reason's light;
 But soon my hand shall tear the veil away,
 And Man in native Majesty display.
 Nor shall he bear, when once himself he knows,
 The load, his present Governors impose,
 But conscious of his strength, throw off his chains,
 And from each tyrant Ruler pluck the reins.
 Torn from their heads, upon the ground shall lie
 The ensigns of departed Royalty;
 While Liberty shall triumph at their fall,
 And man's whole Race to her new Temple call.

NEPTUNE.

But through all ages, since the world began,
 In distant realms hath differ'd man from man;
 In manners varying, though the same in kind,
 He's here a Savage, there by Arts refin'd;
 Hence diff'rent forms of government arise,
 Republics some, and some are Monarchies:
 Would then Philosophy's o'er-weening pride
 One common Scheme of rule for all provide!

MERCURY.

In ev'ry region of the earth, whate'er
 His manners, customs, or opinions are,
 (Form'd by long habit in successive times,
 Or nature's influence in different climes,)
 Philosophy presumes to think, that Man
 Will at her voice become Republican:
 At once the Leaders of her frantic crowd
 To all the nations round¹ proclaim'd aloud,

¹ By the decree of the French Convention, passed 19th Nov. 1792.

That, ‘ as in each these maxims should prevail,
 And Faction’s strength the government assail,
 The Gallic armies would th’ insurgents aid,
 Nor Peace with Kings or Nobles should be made.’

NEPTUNE.

Did then this insult to all states excite
 Brave Albion’s sons to cope with them in fight?

MERCURY.

Not this alone; for, Albion once destroy’d,
 They fear’d no other power; and hence employ’d
 Their utmost means to nourish discontent
 In that great kingdom ’gainst its government:
 They found men there too happy and too wise
 To listen to their foolish Theories;
 And Albion, not deluded, but alarm’d
 By these attempts, in haste her forces arm’d;
 Foil’d in his secret hope, the Foe prepar’d
 For open force, and War at once declar’d.

NEPTUNE.

Say, now, when gliding downward from the sky
 Thou saw'st the fleets, to which did Victory
 At length incline?

MERCURY.

Mine eyes did not behold
 The adverse ships, for yet the Thunder roll'd,
 When through the fields of air I wing'd my flight,
 And Clouds of smoke conceal'd them from my sight.
 But ere I left those regions, I perceiv'd
 That the broad Sea with rising billows heav'd,
 And the fresh Breezes, as they murmur'd by,
 Gave sullen presage that a storm was nigh.
 But now farewell, for I along the sand,^m
 Must slowly pace; and with my potent wand
 Collect the fleeting shadows of the slain;
 Then lead them to the verge of Pluto's reign,

^m The circumstance of Mercury's being employed in conducting the souls of the dead to the shades below, with the power of his wand over them, is constantly alluded to in the ancient poets.

Where gloomy Charon waits to waft them o'er
The Stygian gulph, which they shall pass no more.

[*Mercury goes out.*

CHORUS.

STROPHE.

Vainest is Momus ⁿ of the Gods above,
Who nor the curious pile, Minerva fram'd,
Nor plastic skill of Vulcan would approve;
E'en the rare work, thine Hand had made,
Immortal Sire, his rash Presumption blam'd.
To him Philosophy, in times of Yore,
A Mortal bore;
Rejected by the Gods, on earth she roams,
Deceives in Wisdom's garb the giddy crowd,
And as her Sire, in censure loud,

ⁿ Momus was notorious among the gods for being dissatisfied with every thing—A Horse made by Minerva, a Man by Vulcan, and a Bull by Neptune, were submitted to his inspection, that he might decide which was the most ingenious contrivance; but instead of giving judgment he found fault with each of them.

Of error talks, and descants on defect;
A mirror in her hand displayed,
Back to the sight distorted doth reflect
Each object round, while many a plan
She bears on high, and many a scheme
Drawn by Folly in a dream;
Yet strong her influence over man,
And love of change she spreads, where'er she comes:
Fain would her pride new model e'en the skies,
As on she strides, and with presumptuous eyes
Surveys the Heavens round,
But stumbles o'er the stone, that lies upon the ground.

ANTISTROPHE.

Far different is Wisdom; she of old
Sprang from the head of Jove, as o'er the flood
Of dark confusion, which in Chaos rolled,
Planning Creation's vast design,
The God in silent meditation stood.
On Helicon's sequester'd top she dwells,
There, in their Cells,
Unheard by mortal ear, the Muses sing

Of every star, that holds its course on high,
 And all the wonders of the sky,
 And what on earth doth pass from age to age;
 While listening to the strain divine,
 The goddess notes it in her sacred page:
 Yet often from her high abode,
 When mortal voice implores her aid,
 Doth descend the heavenly Maid,
 And Man, through many a rugged road,
 Safe to his journeys end her Counsels bring.
 With modest gait she walks, and downcast look;
 And much she meditates upon her book;
 And often stops t' explore,
 Whene'er she treads a path, that was untrod before.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Children of Clovis, round whose youthful brows
 Long since the splendor of the Regal Crown
 Beamed, like the rising Sun of France's power,
 Bidding her smiling realms rejoice
 In prospect fair of greatness and renown,
 'Twas in an evil hour,

That ye mistook for Wisdom's sober voice
The ravings of Philosophy.
The Sun of France, pluck'd madly from his Sphere,
Hath clos'd at once his long career,
And quench'd his golden rays
In blood; The spacious Regions, late the scene
Of his bright influence, now shrouded lie
In darkness, black as is the sable wing
Of Night, or mantle of Hell's ebon Queen;
Save when at times the spark of Discord, blown
By the rude breath of wild Democracy,
Flames out with sudden blaze,
And, glaring through surrounding horrors, shews
The headless Image of a murder'd King,
And Thousands striving hard for mastery
Amid the Ruins of a fallen Throne.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Fall'n is the mighty Throne of Charlemain;
The vast Colossus, which for ages past
Had rear'd its giant Head on high,
And stood through many a stormy blast,

Amazing the beholders eyes
 With its stupendous Size
 And wond'rous Symmetry,
 O'erthrown by Folly's hand, with heaviest sound
 Came down; loading the plain,
 An awful lesson to the Nations round,
 The shapeless mass of desolation lies;
 While brooding o'er the pile, the Foe
 Of Gods above, and Men below,
 Sits monstrous Anarchy,
 Right glad, in part the sway to have regain'd,
 Which in old times she held, when she in Chaos reign'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

See bright Iris downward sent,
 In the watry cloud hath bent
 Her many-colour'd bow, whose end
 Doth unto the wave descend;
 O'er the arch behold her run;
 Her gay vest glitters in the sun ;
 And now she dives into the sea;
 Lord of the deep, she comes to thee.

Enter Iris.

NEPTUNE.

Bright Iris hail! what message dost thou bring
From Jove or Jove's dread queen to Ocean's king?

IRIS.

Thus spake the God; ' Go, Daughter of the skies,
And urge our Brother of the seas to rise
In all his power. Say, Dangers dire impend
O'er Albion's sons, unless his aid he lend.

NEPTUNE.

Would then your King, that I should interpose
In Human strife, and combat Mortal foes?
Nor so, nor Ocean shall put forth his power,
To crush the puny Insect of an hour;
If Albion to the strength of Gaul give way,
Albion must fall; I mix not in the fray.

IRIS.

Not such the wish of Jove, nor Albion's fleet,
Needs aid divine a mortal foe to meet.
On its proud ensign ere I left the sky,
All terrible and grim sat Victory,
As if she long had hover'd in the smoke,
Before she lighted on the British oak.
But when, unable to maintain the fight,
The ships of Gallia turn'd their prows to flight,
The King of Winds sent forth his strongest gales,
To urge their course; and fill'd their hoisted sails,
Till to a friendly port his aid had sped,
Each shatter'd vessel, that from batt'e fled;
(One sunk in fight, beneath the Ocean lies,
And six remain the gallant Victor's prize);
But the same blast, which bore the Gauls to land,
Drives off the Britons from fair Albion's strand;
And Æolus still bids the whirlwind sweep,
With unrelenting fury o'er the deep;
Full from the North the raging Tempest blows
Nor can the lab'ring Fleet its force oppose:—

The skilful Pilot to the storm would turn
The Vessel's head, but vainly at the stern
The rudder's pow'r attempts her course to guide,
And the big wave bursts frequent on her side:
Mute is the voice of Triumph, late so loud,
And rising cares the Warrior's brow o'ercloud;
For oft he thinks, amid the Tempest's roar,
In silent sadness on his native shore,
And those dear objects he may see no more;
Yet some, he hopes, shall still survive to tell
Of that great Battle, which they fought so well.

NEPTUNE.

Brave are the Sons of Albion, nor shall thus
Be made the sport of angry Æolus:
I thought that boist'rous God long since had known
That Ocean's rule belongs to me alone;
In times of old I warn'd him to restrain
His furious Minions, nor disturb the main
Without my leave, when, eager to destroy,
His rage pursu'd the sad remains of Troy;

And in my car ^o I rose above the wave,
 The great *Æneas* from his storms to save.
 And doth he now again his winds untie?
 Still he pursues his ancient enmity ;
 The smother'd flame rekindled at the sight
 Of Albion's Navy, triumphing in fight :
 For well 'tis known from old Tradition's strains,
 That Dardan Blood ^p still flows in British veins :
 That when, self-banish'd from the Latian Plain,
 His faithful Band of Followers o'er the Main
 Old Brutus, Grandson of *Æneas*,^q led,
 (Griev'd for the blood, his erring hand had shed,))

^o See the first Book of Virgil.

^p Dardan is Trojan. Dardanus was an old King of Troy.

^q It is related, by Geoffrey of Chaucer, an old Historian (as quoted by Rapin), that soon after the arrival of the Trojans in Italy, Brutus, having had the misfortune accidentally to kill his father Silvius, the son (according to some the grandson) of *Æneas*, left that country, and was directed by an Oracle to settle in the Island of Albion; the History adds, that after experiencing various adventures and performing many great actions, he landed somewhere on the coast of Devonshire or Cornwall, defeated the Giants, to whom the Island was then subject, the chief of whom were Gog and Magog, and established himself in

Long worn and tempest-tost, on Albion's Strand
 (Such was the sacred Oracle's command,)
 He moor'd his Fleet; and vanquishing the might
 Of Gog and Magog, terrible in Fight,
 He fix'd his empire on that fertile shore,
 And call'd it Britain from the name he bore.

But wherefore do I here consume the hour
 In these details? array'd in all my power,
 Upon the Ocean will I now go forth;
 Soon to his dungeon shall the stormy North
 Fly howling back, nor dare contend with me,
 Old Saturn's Son, and Monarch of the Sea.—
 Sons of the deep, prepare the car, prepare
 To mount with me into the Realms of Air.

SEMI - CHORUS.

STROPHE.

Sons of the Deep, prepare the Car;
 And first the brazen gates unbar

the country, calling his followers Brutons, or Britons, and the Land itself Britain.

Of the vast cave, in whose recess it stands
Form'd of old by Vulcan's hands.^r
Him on the Lemnian ground,
Where by his fall from Heaven all-bruis'd he lay,
Silver footed Thetis found;
And with Eurynome did safe convey,
Beneath the sounding wave, far from the eye of day.
For nine long years within her friendly cell,
Did he in concealment dwell;
And there, at her desire,
The Car, which e'en the Gods admire,
For Neptune, powerful king,
The skilful Artist fram'd, a precious offering.
Of Silver is the work, whereon the hand

^r The story of Vulcan's fall from Heaven into the Island of Lemnos, and of the assistance afforded to him on that occasion by Thetis and Eurynome is related by Vulcan himself in the 18th Book of the Iliad. He there says that he worked for the two Goddesses nine years making bracelets and rings &c. in the cave concealed from Gods and Men. He may not improperly be supposed to have employed part of the time in building Neptune's Car.

Of Mulciber^s hath labour'd to engrave
 The Ocean's bed, and every spot of land,
 Mountain, and Vale, that lies beneath the wave:
 And each Descendant of the Wat'ry Line,
 Sea-God and Nymph marine, the skill divine
 Hath there contriv'd to place;
 And these the God so curiously
 Hath wrought, that on its near approach, the Eye
 The features of each countenance may trace.

SEMI-CHORUS.

ANTISTROPHE.

Draw forth the Car; then on it spread
 The Sea-green mantle, which from thread
 Of twisted weed herself fair Thetis made;
 In it hath her art display'd
 The Nations of the Deep,
 O'er whom our mighty Sire extends his care,
 Some that swim, and some that creep;

^s Vulcan, so called from softening metal.

The Finny brood, oft rising to the Air,
And monstrous Phocæ, wallowing in the sands, are there.
The milk-white Horses from the stalls too lead,
Where they on Ambrosia feed;
Quick o'er them throw the Reins;
See how they toss their shaggy manes,
And snuff the distant Air,
Impatient through the wave the rising Car to bear.
Now blow the Conch, loud let the joyful Sounds
Through all the rocks and hollow caverns ring,
And summon, from our Empire's furthest bound,
The Race of Ocean to attend their King.
Within her Grot shall Amphitrite hear,
And in her Shell upon the wave appear:
And there around our Queen,
Exposing to the wanton Air
The flowing tresses of our sea-green hair,
Our numerous Bands of Nereids shall be seen.

CHORUS.

E P O D E.

Gladly we to air ascend,
Suffering mortals to befriend:
And when the stormy winds are fled,
And again the Vessels spread
Their canvass wide, to catch the frolic Breeze,
That loit'ring stays, to sport upon the seas ;
On the waters as they lie,
Each, beneath her crooked keel,
Our aid shall feel,
And o'er the Ocean fly,
Swift as the Sea-bird skims along the wave,
Returning to her callow brood,
Which, to seek her wat'ry food,
Or on the Sands she left, or in some hollow Cave.
And then the anxious Crowds,
Who on the chalky cliffs of Albion stand,
And o'er the blue Sea throw their eager eyes,
Oft hailing for their ships the fleecy clouds,
That distant in the bright Horizon rise

Shall see the white Sail glitter in the Sun,
And with loud Shouts proclaim th' approaching fleet,
Then hasten down upon the Strand,
Their gallant Friends to meet,
To view the Trophies they have won,
And hear the Dangers they have run.



T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

E R R A T A.

Page 20, line 6, for “decry” read “descry.”

34, line 11, for “progeny” read “prodigy.”

87, line last, for “be” read “the.”

T H E S T O R M;

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable Dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about;
And ever best found in the close:
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns. MILTON.

L O N D O N :

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1801.

P R O L O G U E.

NIL DICTU FÆDUM VISUQUE HÆC LIMINA TANGAT.

JUVEN.

LONG since indignant Learning hath complain'd
That this her seat unhallow'd steps profan'd,
That elephants here march, and horses prance,
And here perhaps in time the dogs may dance.
With justice she complains, nor is it fit
Such actors should invade the realms of wit;
But sooner these should charm a trifling age,
And elephants and horses fill the stage,
Sooner amongst our classic scenes to range
Should come the beasts from Exeter Exchange,

Did I the kingdoms of Thalia rule,
 Than moral monsters from the German school:
 —Right trusty tutors,^a who, when sent t' expound
 What good in marriage, and what ills are found,
 Read learned lectures to the fair, and plead
 Another's cause—but for themselves succeed:
 —Ingenuous maidens, who their passion speak,
 Nor let concealment feed upon the cheek,
 Break through the rules, which vulgar souls restrain,
 Claim nature's rights, and woo themselves the swain:
 —A pious son, who for his mother's sake
 Tries, as in duty bound, a purse to take,
 And finding, 'twas his sire, his arm assail'd,
 Puts on the bully, since the robber fail'd:
 —Women,^b in whom detraction's self could spy
 No single fault—but want of chastity:
 Shame! shame! to teach the age, that matrons wh—'d^c
 To a fond husband's arms can be restor'd,

^a See Lovers Vows.

^b See Translations from German Plays in general.

^c See the Stranger.

5

And at each parent's neck suspend a child,
To make them both forget the bed defil'd.
Such is the German school:—to ours I turn—
Here too we find a lesson to unlearn;
As Harlequin's slight wand before our eyes
Bids on some barren shore tall forests rise,
So in our plays doth beauty in a trice
Call full-grown virtues from the soil of vice.
—"Tis fiction all—But no one to the truth
Is blinded by the party-colour'd youth,
None yet e'er thought, that woods at his command
Would rear their heads in air from rocks and sand;
Not innocent like this the authors cheat,
Where vanity assists the foul deceit;
And Flavia, while the glass reflects her charms,
Thinks none can be a villain in her arms;
—See Charles^d (his fortune spent or sunk in play),
Insensible to shame—in ruin gay;
Who sends his purse to one he scarcely knows,
But will not pay a tradesman what he owes;

^d School for Scandal.

Who impudently boasts, your praise to gain,
 That justice^e hobbles after him in vain;
 And tells you,^f if a married dame should choose
 With him to share her bed, he'd not refuse,
 E'en were the man, 'gainst whom he must offend,
 His uncle, and his guardian, and his friend.
 Yet this is he, who, rescu'd from distress,
 Is from this stage dismiss'd to happiness:
 'Tis true, while gazing on Maria's eycs,
 He half resolves in future to be wise,
 Makes haste to wish, he virtue's path may tread,
 Just as the curtain drops upon his head,
 Alarm'd, lest from his speech its fall should take
 Six lines, and he at last be left a rake.
 —'Tis false morality—unless confin'd,
 Soon rule the tyrant passions o'er the mind;

^e *Charles.* ‘Be just before you are generous;’—why so I would, if I could; but justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldam, and I can’t get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me.’—School for Scandal, act iv. scene 1.

^f See dialogue between Charles and Joseph Surface, School for Scandal, act iv.

But virtuous habits must have time to grow,
Weak at their rise, and in their progress slow.

For us—our author covets your applause,
But will not violate truth's sacred laws;
Disclaims the novelties of these strange times
Which blot our duties out, and varnish crimes.
His muse is chaste; nor would accept a crown
Which virtue could not see without a frown.
Why deigns the nine Apollo to inspire?
Why helps to raise the song, or strike the lyre?
Not, with their sounds to lead weak man astray,
But cheer at once, and guide him on his way.

Our tale is artless—teems with no event,
But what the course of things may well present;
The stage no spectres^g to soft music tread,
And like Lord Burleigh^h shake the silent head;
First make us wonder, why they should appear,
Then, why they nothing do, when they are here.
—Nor distant periods doth our plot embrace,
But keeps the unities of time and place.

^g See Castle Spectre.

^h See Critic.

Our scene America—where still the land
Remains unclear'd—upon a barren strand.

Our moral one, by which we fain would mend;
Foil'd in that hope, we've nothing to offend.
Farewell—if candour can approve our play,
Applaud us here, and go well pleas'd away;
If not—our author's motives rightly scan,
Condemn the poet, but acquit the man.

T H E S T O R M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

UMFREVILLE.

FERDINAND.

HERBERT.

JULIA.

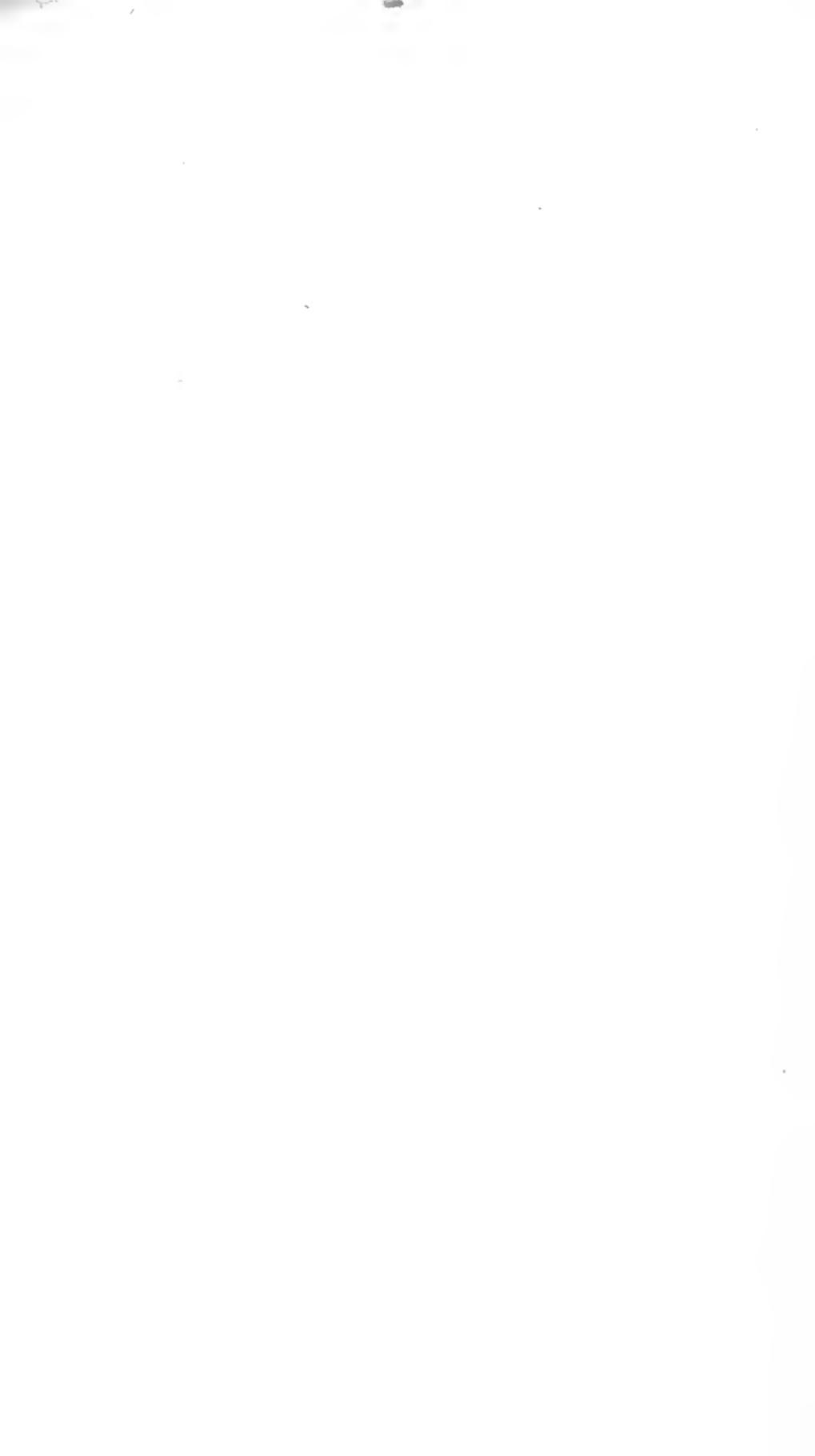
FRANK, *Ship's Steward.*

THOMAS, *a common Soldier.*

POTOWMAC,
ROANOKO,
} *Indian Chiefs.*

Other Indians, &c. &c. &c.

The Scene, which never changes, is a wild spot among woods and rocks on the coast of America. In the side of one of the rocks appears a hollow, supposed to be the entrance into a natural cave.





T H E S T O R M.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Enter Herkert, with Julia leaning on his arm.

HERBERT.

CHEER up, my daughter, underneath this bank,
O'ergrown with wood, you may find rest, its shelter
Will screen us from the wind.

JULIA.

The chilling blasts
Upon the beach have so benumb'd my limbs,

I scarce can move them,—ⁱ 'Tis not here so cold—
But where is Ferdinand?

HERBERT.

He's gone, my love,
With the two seamen to search out a spring,
And bring us water.

Enter Ferdinand with water, which he gives to Julia.

FERDINAND.

Dearest Julia,
How fare you now?

JULIA.

The water much revives me,
But still I'm weary, and methinks I feel
A strong desire to sleep.

HERBERT.

Indulge it then,
My child, myself meanwhile with Ferdinand
Will watch beside thee.

[*She lies down to sleep.*

ⁱ She sits down.

FERDINAND.

Is't not dangerous
To let her sleep in th' air? I've heard, the cold
Doth oft in slumber lock the senses up
To wake no more.

HERBERT.

The sun, you see, lies full
Upon this bank; and though it break but faintly
Through the dark mist, I trust, 'tis yet of power
Sufficient to preserve the vital heat;
And her exhausted spirits need repose;
'Twas a rough night—and wand'ring on the sands
So many hours, expos'd to all the pelting
Of the rude gale and spray, and driving sleet,
And, (which is worse) in sad expectancy
Of evils yet to come, might well tire out
A stronger frame than hers.—But how, my friend,
Stand we in hope?—What think you of the ship?

FERDINAND.

Alas, I fear, ere now her broken fragments

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Are scatter'd on the sea, and we alone
Remain, of those she carried.—When in th' boat
We left her yesterday, to seek the land,
Wedg'd in she lay between the rocks, as if
No force would move her thence, but what must tear
Her crazy frame in sunder; as we rowed
Along the shore, to find a landing place,
I oft look'd back, before we turned the point,
That hid her from our view, and saw with horror
The foaming billows.—

HERBERT.

I too turn'd that way
Mine aching eyes; 'twas a tremendous sight,
To see the waves beat over her.

FERDINAND.

But now
I ask'd the seamen, if 'twere possible,
She could hold through the night; they shook their heads,
And, when I pressed them for an answer, said,
'Twas not within the reach of hope, the gale
Having again increas'd: they seem'd to think too,
Our boat (so quickly did the rising winds

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Put forth their fury, after it went off),
Must sure have perish'd ere it reach'd the wreck.

HERBERT.

The greedy ocean hath devour'd its prey,
And they are all at rest, some few days sooner,
Than we, who have escap'd the roaring waves,
To die on shore by hunger and fatigue.

FERDINAND.

[*Looking at Julia.*

Poor Julia!

Tis a hard pillow for a lady's head,
But yet she sleeps, and on her countenance
Are smiles, as if her dreams were full of comfort.

HERBERT.

Tis then a happier hour than she has known
For some time past, or ever in this world
Is like to know again.

The two seamen, who have been backward and forward during the latter part of the preceding scene, examining the place, go a little way into the hollow in the rock, and come out again.

THOMAS.

I'm sure, I heard a noise.

FRANK.

What was't?

THOMAS.

I know not.

FRANK.

Did you see any thing?

THOMAS.

No, the cavern winds
Sharp round into the rock. But what I heard,
Seem'd, as if something mov'd within—I'm certain
It was not fancy, but a sound in the cave.

FERDINAND.

It cannot surely be inhabited.

FRANK.

If 'tis, I fear 'tis by some rougher owner,
Than I should choose to make a messmate of:
I should'nt much like a lion for my landlord,
Nor yet a tyger, to play with me like a mouse,
Or a she-bear, to throw her crooked paws

Around my neck, and hug me, till her fondness
Squeezed out my life.

THOMAS.

No more, the very thought on't
Has given me an ague-fit; one might
As well be hang'd as choak'd to death.

FRANK.

Nay, comrade,
You need not fear; 'Born to be hang'd' is charm'd
'Gainst bears, as well as drowning. But let's in,
And see once more, how the land lies.

[*Frank and Thomas enter the cave.*

HERBERT.

"Tis strange these seamen at all times and seasons
Can thus preserve their cheerfulness unruffled,
And laugh at danger in her roughest form.
I heard that fellow break his jests, soon after
The ship had struck, as he heav'd out to the sea,
Her precious cargo, while I fear'd each wave
Would sweep him from the deck.

Re-enter Frank and Thomas, with part of a dead bird in his hand.

THOMAS.

It is the head
Of some strange bird, and seems but newly killed;
Upon the ground are marks of blood and feathers.

FRANK.

Belike our neighbour will turn out to be
A cat, or a wild fox—
If so, we get possession at th' expence
Of a scratch'd face, or a bite or two o' the leg.

HERBERT.

What is't?—'Tis not unlikely that this cave
May be the haunt of some more dangerous beast.
Best be upon our guard—along the shore,
You may remember, in the sands I shewed you
Some tracks of shape and size to wake our caution.

FERDINAND.

'Tis true—Do you remain then with this seaman
To turn from Julia ought, that may rush forth,
While I with him explore the dark retreat.

[*Pointing to Frank.*

I'll not go far.

HERBERT.

[To Frank.]

Here take my sword, the service
 Is not without its danger; and a bough
 Will serve to scare whatever is dislodged.

[As they are preparing to enter the cave, a flute is heard.]

THOMAS.

What will become of us—'tis sure the devil.
 'Twere best avoid this place.

FERDINAND.

Peace, peace, there is no danger in the sound,
 Though much it moves my wonder.

Hollo—ho!

Who's there within? We come as friends—hollo!

[Ferdinand goes into the cave.]

HERBERT.

Are then the stories of the sylvan Pan,
 Of vocal nymphs, or of young Bacchus heard
 Among the rocks, no fables, but the truth,
 By ignorance most wrongly disbelief'd?

[The music stops.]

Sure I am not awake—Did we not hear
 Soft sounds but now as of some instrument?

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THOMAS.

I think I could make oath on't.

FRANK.

It should seem
His honour's hollowing has frighten'd away
The fairy, and we shall have no more music—
I could have lik'd another tune, were't only
To put m' in mind of better days.

THOMAS.

For my part
I'm glad 'tis gone—I'd as lief hear a death-watch.

*Re-enter Ferdinand, with Umfreville, from the cave,
with the flute in his hand.*

FERDINAND.

Of England, said you?

UMFREVILLE.

A native, sir, of England.

FERDINAND.

Amazement! In this cavern I have found
A countryman.

HERBERT.

It doth indeed amaze me,

God, and good angels, guard you, sir, and make
 This most unlook'd-for meeting, to us both
 A source of comfort.—Sir, your colour changes,
 You seem unwell—support him, Ferdinand.

[He appears giddy, they support him.]

UMFREVILLE.

All-gracious heaven!
 How little did I hope again to listen
 To the soft voice of courtesy, or sound
 Of Christian salutation—Friends! your pardon.
 It is so very long since I have seen
 The human form, or heard the accent sweet
 Of sound articulate, that I am lost
 In joy and wonder—Let me ask, I pray,
 Have you the means of leaving this sad place?
 Or are you, like myself, left here, to bide
 Within this solitary wilderness?

HERBERT.

Alas! we are in this same gloomy spot
 Your fellow-prisoners—We are shipwreck'd, sir,
 And this poor company, you see, are all
 The waves have spar'd.

UMFREVILLE.

A woman too! not dead
I hope?

HERBERT.

She doth but sleep, worn out with toil;
But 'twere as well perhaps, the hand of death
Had clos'd her eyes, since she can only wake
To mis'ry, unallay'd by hope or comfort.

UMFREVILLE.

Oh! Speak not in despair, for Providence,
E'en in the desert, watches o'er its creatures,
And will a firm reliance on its goodness
Repay with consolation. It were best,
Lead her within the cave; there is a fire,
And she will find a softer bed to rest on,
Than the bare ground. Perhaps you too are weary,
And fain would seek repose?

HERBERT.

Not I, my spirits
Are not yet calm enough for sleep.

FERDINAND.

Nor mine,

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But Julia would be better in the cave
Than here in th' air.

HERBERT.
Daughter!

FERD1NAND.

She sleeps so soundly
'Twere best not wake her, we will bear her in,
And lay her on the bed.

HERBERT.

And then return
To sit here in the sun, and talk at leisure
Of this most strange encounter.

[*They all go into the cave, except Thomas and Frank.*

THOMAS.

Frank, what is this old stranger?

FRANK.

I believe,

He is a hermit.

THOMAS.

A hermit! what is that?

FRANK.

Why one, that leaves the haunts of other men,

And runs into a nook t' avoid the devil;
 Though I should think he would be oft'nest met with
 In holes and corners.

THOMAS.

Are there she-hermits too?

FRANK.

No—for the women are too fond of talking
 To live by themselves; but what do you think he is?

THOMAS.

I think he is a conjurer, and studies
 The black art; there must be a power of learning
 In his long beard—and that small wand he carries,
 I make no doubt, would send us in a minute
 A thousand miles.

FRANK.

I wish then he'd hit me
 In the right direction for England; I should like
 To dart athwart the air to the land's end,
 All in one jump; if I might first but bargain
 To come down gently, and not pitch on my head.
 But take my word for it, he's no conjurer,
 Or he'd have conjur'd to some better purpose
 Than to be lodg'd in this dark cave.

THOMAS.

I say, Frank,

She's a rare beauty, that same Madam Julia!

FRANK.

She is indeed, and has a noble heart;
 After the boat had left us—in the night—
 When the wind roar'd—as cold we stood on the beach,
 And drench'd with rain, she often question'd me
 Of what, I thought, would happen to its crew,
 And those on board the wreck: and at each gust,
 That almost bore her from her feet to the sea,
 She spake her fears for them so anxiously,
 It seem'd, as she forgot her sufferings
 In thinking of their danger—

THOMAS.

She's a fair one—

I wish I were in that young captain's place,
 To marry her; or I'd give some months pay
 To meet her alone in the woods.

FRANK.

Hang it, you brute,

You would not sure behave ill to the poor girl.

THOMAS.

I only would make love to her.

FRANK.

But come,

Let's to the shore, we may chance there to learn
Some news o' the boat.

THOMAS.

Pshaw! sure enough she's drown'd,
And the fish have been at work upon her crew
Some sixteen hours at least; their bones are pick'd
Quite clean by this time.

FRANK.

Aye, poor lads, I fear,
That's all too certain, but mayhap the flood
May have thrown the boat on the beach, and if the rocks
Have only knock'd a hole or two in her bottom,
We may stop them.

THOMAS.

Come then, let's go.

FRANK.

We're going
Down to the shore, and will be back anon.

[*To the three gentlemen who enter from the cave.*

FERDINAND.

'Tis well—you'll find us here.

[*Exeunt sailors.*]

SCENE II.

Herkert, Ferdinand, Umfreville.

HERBERT.

Unravel, pray, these wonders, for my mind
 Is wearied with conjecture. In this spot
 Most desolate, by fogs and stormy seas
 Divided and cut off from the rest of th' earth,
 As 'twere not fit for habitation,
 To meet with one, whose language and demeanor
 Shew he has known a life more civiliz'd—
 It is indeed most strange.

FERDINAND.

To find him too, within this hollow rock,
 Possess'd of various comforts, clothes and books,
 And things more bulky than a single arm
 Could have dragg'd hither from the neighb'ring beach—
 Did the caprice of winds and cruel waves
 Cast you alone upon this desert shore?

UMFREVILLE.

I was not cast upon this desert shore
By the caprice of winds and cruel waves;
But hither brought by lawless man, more cruel
Than winds or waves in their most angry mood.

I need not now recount the various hazards
Of an eventful life, full many an hour
Of this my lone confinement hath been spent
In tracing their sad journal; at more leisure
(If curiosity incline that way)
You shall peruse it, 'tis meanwhile enough
To say, that long a prisoner, in that land
Where the sharp eye of Spanish jealousy
Wakes, like the dragon, round her golden fruit,
Watching with cruel policy, that none
Of Europe's sons, whose footsteps once have pass'd
The bounds of her new world, should thence return
To tell the secrets of her wealth and weakness;—
There—in that land a prisoner—buried too
Within Potosi's mines, at length I seiz'd
The happy moment of escape, and reach'd,
Through toils and perils, tedious now to mention,

Guiana's shore, there hail'd the streaked ensign
 Of Holland's power, and made my story known
 To the Dutch chief, a worthy gentleman,
 Who furnish'd me with means to reach the island
 Of St. Eustatia, whence I sail'd for Europe
 On board a vessel bound for Amsterdam.
 Then joy'd my heart, to think a few short weeks
 Would fill the period of my wanderings,
 And bring me to my country and my friends—
 Bright dreams of future happiness! how soon
 Ye faded from my view!

HERBERT, rising up.

"Tis ever thus—

Black is our prospect in this vale of sorrows;
 And if perchance a ray of hope break in,
 It comes but as the meteor of the night,
 To mock us and be gone; or as the lightning,
 Which, flashing from amongst the sable clouds,
 Displays the gloomy horrors of the scene,
 Then leaves us to pursue our road in darkness.

UMFREVILLE.

Hush! hush!—

Let us not thus forget the power, whose aid
 Is ever present in the hour of trouble,
 And, if we are not wanting to ourselves,
 Will guide our journey to a happy issue—

HERBERT.

Your pardon, sir—proceed—this interruption
 Is but the overflowing of a mind
 Not yet familiar with its griefs.

UMFREVILLE.

The captain,
 With whom I took my passage, was a man
 On slightest provocation rous'd to anger,
 And deaf to pity, as the stones we sit on—
 It chanc'd, his servant-boy offended him
 By some neglect; no serious fault, nor act
 Of wilful disobedience, but such instance
 Of casual inattention, as will happen
 In service best perform'd—the angry tyrant
 With his own hand inflicted chastisement,
 Not merely disproportion'd to th' offence,
 But such as was not measur'd by the strength
 Of the poor object of his wrath--when thus

I saw him beat the lad, to interpose
In his behalf, was but the common debt,
Man owes to man;—so, finding 'twas in vain
To use intreaty, I told the monster plainly,
In case the youth were injur'd by this outrage,
In life, or limb, it should not pass unquestion'd,
If we but liv'd to reach the laws of Europe.—
Aw'd by my threats, or wearied by his vengeance.
The brute in silence swell'd, while I led off
The fainting boy: some few days afterwards
The lad expir'd—and then his murderer,
Revolving in his mind the words, I spake
Of Retribution, and that I alone
Had been eye-witness to his violence,
(For in the cabin 'twas, that this had pass'd)
Devis'd a second crime to hide the first,
Suborning a vile skipper to declare,
That this poor boy had, on his death-bed, own'd,
'There were designs against his master's life,
For that himself had been employ'd by me
To poison him.' On which most foul pretence
He set me here on shore, among these rocks,

To waste the precious remnant of my days
 In sad reflection on his villainy.

FERDINAND.

But did you not, before you left the ship,
 Plead hard among the men, and try to wake
 Compunction in their breasts, as being made
 The base accomplices of such injustice?

UMFREVILLE.

When the wind roar'd, and drove the swelling seas
 Against the carcase of your batter'd vessel,
 Did ye, from off the deck on which ye stood,
 Reproach the billows with their cruelty?
 Or bid them turn again, and disobey
 The noisy chiding of their furious master?
 They were as sensible to argument,
 As much free agents, as this Dutchman's crew,
 And would as soon have listen'd to your voice,
 As those to mine; indeed I knew but ill
 Their language; yet, be sure, I did attempt
 To make them understand, and feel my wrongs:
 But found, 'twas all in vain, for that Dntch seamen
 Would send a fellow creature to destruction,

As they would knock the ashes from their pipes,
 Nor think on him again—the mate alone,
 To whom I had shewn kindness, pitied me,
 And by his order 'twas, the sailors brought
 My chest, and those few stores, which mov'd your wonder,
 Up the steep rocks, and stow'd them in this cave:
 In which I now have liv'd some five long years,
 Nor in that time have seen the countenance
 Of man, nor heard the music of his voice,
 Till yours this day—but whither was design'd
 Your voyage, which the fury of the tempest
 Hath thus cut short?

HERBERT.

For England were we bound, our native soil;
 And at Quebec embark'd, where some time past
 We have resided both, this gentleman
 In garrison, whence he is now recall'd,
 Myself on private business: in a transport
 We took our passage; whose stout timbers promis'd
 To stand the brunt of many a stormy sea;
 And so indeed she hath: for 'tis three weeks
 Since we encounter'd with a hurricane,

Which blew us from our course—then gale on gale
 Succeeded—till, our sails and rigging torn,
 We drove before the wind a very wreck:
 Nor could the ablest of our mariners
 Make out our reckoning; till the rising sun
 Of yesterday shew'd faintly through the clouds
 The hazy land, a most unwelcome sight,
 For 'twas apparent, that a few short hours
 Would see us wreck'd upon a rugged coast;
 At noon we struck—not far from shore; but still
 Between us and the object of our wishes,
 Broke many a wave, with such tremendous force,
 Boiling and foaming o'er the rocky shoals,
 That scarce the stoutest of our crew could hope,
 (The ship once bulged), to reach the strand alive.

UMFREVILLE.

And did you apprehend, your vessel soon
 Would go to pieces?

HERBERT.

Not unless the wind
 Should rise again, the fury of the storm
 Seeming then spent: we had but one small boat,

In which ourselves, with that dear girl, who sleeps,
 I hope, within your hospitable cave,
 My only daughter, and the destin'd wife
 (When we should once set foot on English ground,)
 Of this young officer, with six stout men,
 Came off to view the coast, and try to land.
 Round yon high foreland, in a dreadful swell
 We drifted with the tide, the roaring surf
 Forbidding our approach; at length a creek
 Hard by receiv'd us, but we found no shelter
 Against the weather's rude inclemency,
 Which, I much fear, too heavily hath fallen
 Upon my child.

UMFREVILLE.

She's so inclin'd to sleep,
 I trust, repose will give her back to life,
 Uninjur'd by these hardships: but 'tis much,
 That in the various toils ye have endur'd,
 The strength which wears a form so delicate,
 Was not exhausted sooner.

FERDINAND.

Her sweet patience

Enables her to bear those sufferings,
 Would shake a rougher nature: nor yet failed,
 When danger star'd us in the face, her courage,
 All gentle as she is; while our small skiff
 Now climb'd aloft upon a hill of waters,
 And almost hung in air, now sunk at once
 To darkness in the hollow of the deep,
 As if to rise no more, she never mov'd,
 Nor harass'd us with question, or complaint,
 But sat serene amidst the wild confusion,
 As if she were some goddess of the ocean;
 Or Venus self, and knew, her kindred waves
 Would do her no annoyance.

UMFREVILLE.

But where is now your boat?

HERBERT.

Beneath the waves,
 Or shiver'd on the rocks.—It back return'd,
 With four of the six seamen for the ship;
 Before the sun had set, or sky gave signs
 Of that last tempest, which disturb'd the night,
 And sound'd in my ear too like the knell
 Of all our friends.

FERDINAND.

I will not yet despair—By sea or land,
 Men chance alike on dangers, and escapes,
 Beyond the verge of probability—
 When first we were embark'd in our good ship,
 If half the sad mischances of this voyage
 Had been surmis'd, we should not have believ'd them;
 Let hope then whisper, that the changeling fortune
 Hath good, as well as ill, in store for us,
 Though reason, in her sober calculations
 May not avouch it—* Well, my lads, what cheer?

* *To Frank and Thomas, who re-enter.*

FRANK.

Why cold enough. The air indeed is still:
 Old father wind, belike, has crack'd his bellows
 In last night's puffing, and must mend his tackle,
 Before he blows again.—But we've seen nothing
 In likeness of our boat.

HERBERT.

Why then 'tis certain
 It perish'd in the night?

FRANK.

I fear, it did.

But we have friends, or neighbours here at least,
 You may not know of.—On the shore but now
 I pick'd up this.

FERDINAND.

What is't?

HERBERT.

An Indian fish-hook.

Are there then savages upon this coast?

UMFREVILLE.

I never saw them, but they come sometimes,
 As I conjecture, on their fishing parties.
 'Tis now about twelve months, since in my walks,
 I trac'd upon the sands a faint resemblance
 Of human feet.—Some few days afterwards
 I found the marks of fire, and offal food,
 With implements of Indian manufacture.
 At first I kept within my cell, alarm'd
 At this discovery; but by degrees
 My fears wore off, nor have been since renew'd.

HERBERT.

This sure was dropp'd within the time, you mention;
 And it will ask some thinking, to determine,

Whether to seek the friendship of these Indians,
Or hide from them as foes, if we indeed
Are all, who have surviv'd this fatal shipwreck.

UMFREVILLE.

How far is't to the rocks, on which ye struck?

HERBERT.

Along the windings of the shore perhaps
It may be some three leagues.—'Twas in a bay
Just round yon lofty point.

UMFREVILLE.

Full well I know

That bay, for in my first excursions hence,
I climb'd yon headland to survey the country;
And I can bring you to the place, you mention,
Across the land, within an hour at farthest.—

FERDINAND.

Why not then now set forward?

HERBERT.

And so learn

Our fate at once?

FERDINAND.

But we must first explain

To Julia our intention, or our absence
May much alarm her.

[*Ferdinand and Herbert go into the cave.*

FRANK.

Why put the question to him. 'Tis no treason;
Besides, he has a pleasant countenance.

THOMAS.

Do you.—I dare not.

FRANK.

Pshaw!

UMFREVILLE.

What is't, my friends

THOMAS.

Sir, if a man, whose beard
Is but some two or three days old, may venture
To speak to your grave reverence, whose chin
Bears on't, I make no doubt, the growth of ages,
I would fain know, whether you here abide
From choice, or from necessity?—

UMFREVILLE.

What think you,
Is this a spot, deserves to be pick'd out
For habitation?

FRANK.

Sir, my comrade's puzzled
 At your appearance—he is sure, he sees
 Some most uncommon personage, but whether
 'Tis Prester John, the Pope, or the Pretender,
 Or Robinson Crusoe, or the great King Arthur,
 Who, as the Taffies say, has lain conceal'd
 Some hundred years, is more than his short wit
 Can fathom.

THOMAS.

Hold your tongue, you foolish rogue,
 You talk so freely, you may anger him.
 Sir, whether you are one of those, he mentions,
 Or any other wise and learned man,
 I hope there's no offence.

UMFREVILLE.

No, none at all; I am like you, my friend,
 An Englishman—left here by the base captain
 Of a Dutch ship, in which I sail'd for England,
 On my escape from Spanish cruelty.
 'Tis now some twenty years, since Wentworth led
 Our English forces to the rash attack

Of Carthagena—near whose fatal walls
 (Fatal indeed to many a gallant soldier)
 Myself, a captain in the British army,
 Was left for dead—thence taken by the Spaniards,
 And doom'd by them to slavery.—Had I time
 To tell, how I escap'd, and my adventures,
 Till I embark'd on board the Hollander,
 I should surprise you, for my life hath pass'd
 In toil and hazard.

FRANK.

Well, I never lik'd
 Those Spanish Dons, nor yet the yaw Myneers,
 With their large breeches.—Sir, you must indeed
 Have suffer'd much, and have good store of patience.
 Bound for Old England once again, to make
 These barren rocks,—it was a disappointment,
 Would have gone near to sink me to despair.

THOMAS.

For my part, when I found myself alone
 Within the jaws of that same dingy cavern,
 I should have laid me down, and died, or dash'd
 My head against the stones—

UMFREVILLE.

And so might I,
 Had not the various ills, I have run through,
 Encourag'd me to put my serious trust
 In providence, and look to its protection,
 As to a never failing source of comfort.

Re-enter Ferdinand and Herbert.

How is the lady?

HERBERT.

Much reliev'd.

UMFREVILLE.

If then
 You fear not fresh exertion—It were best
 Begin our march.

FERDINAND.

Come on; good luck attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Julia alone, coming out of the cave.

JULIA.

How little do we know, what we can bear,
Before we have made trial of our strength.
Had it been said, while nurs'd in luxury
I shiver'd at mid-day, nor would encounter
The dews of evening, that this tender frame,
Expos'd without protection through the night,
(And such a night, in which the elements
Seem'd, in their jars, to threaten dissolution
To things most durable) should yet, refresh'd
With some few hours of sleep, resume its functions;
I should have smil'd at him, who told me so,
As he had said, I had a giant's force.

Yet was my rest not undisturb'd; for fancy
Within my brain rehears'd her patchwork scenes,

What in the cells of memory she found,
Combining with her own most strange conceits:
Again mine ear seem'd deafen'd with the roaring
Of the hoarse wind; again in thought I felt
The vessel strike against the rocks; again
Roll'd in the boat upon the boist'rous surge:
Till once, meseem'd, a mountain of a wave
Came tumbling o'er our heads; and then I sunk
Down, many a fathom down, into the deep,
And gasp'd in vain for breath, beneath the weight
Of waters, which still press'd me further down,
As if my fall would never have an end;
At length I reach'd the bottom, and in th' ooze
Was fairly bedded—chilling cold it seem'd,
And dark, and silent, as the realm of death:
Yet still mine eyes were open; nor my mind
Would quit her earthly shell; but peeping out
From her accustomed loopholes, by degrees
Saw, through the dim obscurity, the monsters
Of this new world, and shrunk into herself:—
Here, wallowing by my side, in sand and mire,
Lay many a form uncouth, half-beast, half-fish,

(Such as in story I have heard describ'd)
 Sea-calf, sea-lion, hippopotamus:
 There crawl'd along the rocks enormous crabs,
 And huge sea spiders, branching out their claws
 On every side, as if in quest of prey:
 And many kinds of fish swam o'er my head,
 And rang'd about, and caught their food, the greater
 Swallowing the less; and some look'd down on me,
 And open'd wide their mouths—Oh! how I tried
 To sink yet deeper in the slimy mud;
 But I, methought, was dead, and could not move:
 At length I wak'd with fright; and then again
 I slept and dream'd. Yet have I gain'd much strength,
 And should indeed be thankful to the owner
 Of this warm cave—[Enter Thomas]—How now? Why
 out of breath,
 My friend? and thus in fear? Whence come you?
 Speak—

THOMAS.

Here I am safe, I hope.

JULIA.

Alas! how safe?

Where are my father and his friend?

THOMAS.

That's more

Than I can tell; 'tis odds but they are caught.

JULIA.

How caught? by whom? are there wild beasts abroad?

THOMAS.

Not beasts—the savages have been upon us.

JULIA.

Where did you leave my father, and the captain?

THOMAS.

About a mile hence, in a wood, the Indians
Stole on us unawares;—and then set up
A yell, that made the mountains ring again.—
Had I not run like any thief, I'd been
In their black clutches now.

JULIA.

But know you nothing

Of what befel the rest? There was no bloodshed?

THOMAS.

No, no: they were too many for resistance;
And our whole party are most surely taken.

JULIA.

Perhaps they will not kill their prisoners:—

Alas! alas! my dearest father gone!
 And my lov'd Ferdinand! then what am I?
 A poor weak girl, alone, and unprotected.

THOMAS.

Fear not—I'll take good care of you—'twere pity
 A lady like yourself, so young and handsome,
 Should cry for want of some one to protect her.

JULIA.

I thank you for your kindness, my good fellow,
 But have lost all, and death will now be welcome.

THOMAS.

Nay, don't say so—for I will be your servant,
 And you shall be my mistress.—By this hand,
 Whiter than all the foam upon the sea,
 I'll love you better than man e'er lov'd woman.

JULIA.

What is't you say? Why do you take my hand?
 Why look so in my face? What means this rudeness?

THOMAS.

Come, let me have a kiss—nay, be not coy—

JULIA.

Is this a horrid sequel to my dream?

Or do I stand upon this ground awake,
The veriest wretch on earth?

THOMAS.

Oh! do not frown,

For we are here alone; the king and queen
Of this strange place:—and husband now, and wife.
Come, 'tis in vain to struggle.

JULIA.

Hadst thou a mother? Hadst thou sisters ever?
Didst thou e'er learn what good men teach their children?
Or know'st thou, what shall happen to the bad,
When they have laid aside this mortal dress,
And must stand up to render an account
Of all the deeds they have perform'd in it?

THOMAS.

By heav'n, I think your wits are hardly right—

JULIA.

Speak'st thou of heav'n?—then sure I am mistaken.
Thou canst not mean so wickedly.—Perhaps
My understanding is indeed derang'd—
My head is weak.—Oh! Go and leave me here,

[*Going towards the cave.*

To recollect myself, alone.

THOMAS.

Aye, come,

[*Advancing towards the cave with her.*
 The cave will save your blushes.]

JULIA.

Monster! Hence

[*Turning back.*

Before the earth shall open at thy feet,
 Or from yon cloud descend upon thy head,
 The lightning's flash, to stop thy guilty purpose.]

THOMAS.

Stark staring mad—in truth a crazy mistress,
 But handsome in her phrenzy—and her eyes
 Twinkle like stars!—Well, if you will not lead,
 You must be carried.]

[*Takes her in his arms.*

JULIA.

That the rock might fall,
 And crush us both to atoms!]

[*As he is carrying her in, enter Ferdinand.*

FERDINAND.

How's this? What do I see?] }

THOMAS.

Plague on't—He here?

'Tis time I should decamp.

[Throws Julia on the ground and runs out.]

FERDINAND.

Look up, my love,

Look up: What thus hath robb'd thee of thy strength?
 And caus'd the rose to wither on thy cheek?
 She speaks not—nor doth stir,—nor breathe,—nor flows
 The blood within those veins!—No sign of life?
 Why farewell hope, and welcome then despair!
 In this wild spot henceforth, thy fit abode,
 With thee, my sole companion, will I dwell,
 Nor would exchange it for a bustling world,
 Where all is noise and idle mirth, in which
 I could not mix, for I am dead to joy;
 And all, I might behold, of good, or fair,
 Would but recall the memory of one
 More lovely, more belov'd——Ah! dearest maid!
 Far other were the hopes, which I had form'd;
 That years to come might see my strength support
 Thy weaker nature, while thy gentle smiles

Had taught me patience, and so hand in hand
We had perform'd life's pilgrimage, well-pleas'd;
Perhaps arriv'd together at its close;
Or if it were my doom in age to lose thee,
Still did my fancy picture to itself
Some pledge of love, some image of my Julia,
To wipe the tear from off the husband's cheek,
And bid the parent smile.—'Tis faded all—
What now remains for me, but to commit
This breathless form unto its kindred earth,
Beyond the reach of bird, or hungry beast;
Then watch and weep in silence o'er thy grave;
Till time and grief shall harden me to stone;
And I shall stand, like some old monument,
To mark the hallowed spot where thou art laid?
—Is it the error of my wand'ring brain,
Or doth she move indeed?—She moves—She moves—
It is no error of my brain.—Oh! Speak,
My Julia, let me hear one little word,
And I will throw away the memory
Of every grief, we have endur'd, and lose
All thought of future ills in present joy.

JULIA.

What sound is that, which thus hath power to charm
 My fleeting soul, and lure it back to earth?
 Sweet as the shepherd's pipe, or as the voice
 Of village reaper, singing at his work,
 Whence learns with joy the wand'ring traveller
 His near approach unto the haunts of men.

FERDINAND.

Oh! let me bear thee forward to the sun,
 His warmth is cheering.

JULIA.

I shall soon be better—

My thoughts are yet confus'd—How came I here
 Upon the ground?—Oh, I remember now—
 The villain would have offered rudeness to me,
 And took me in his arms—theii flung me from him—

FERDINAND.

And fled upon my entrance.—Monstrous villain!

JULIA.

But sure he said—my father, and the rest,
 And you, my Ferdinand, were carried off
 By savage Indians.—All was false, I hope?

FERDINAND.

'Tis true, the savages are in the woods,
 But farther know I nothing.—In a copse,
 I stopt to view some fruits of fair appearance,
 When the shrill cry, which Indians use in war,
 Assail'd mine ear—and I beheld a troop
 Advancing tow'rds me—

JULIA.

Where was then my father?

FERDINAND.

I threw my anxious eyes on every side,
 But found no friend: so dashing through the thicket,
 Made for this cave, which I had almost reach'd,
 When finding I was chas'd, but that two youths
 Were all, who were in sight, I turn'd to meet them.
 One threw his wooden lance, but miss'd, the other
 My sword prevented, and upon his fall
 His comrade fled—* But here comes one, perhaps

* Enter Umfreville.

Can tell us further—Welcome home in safety—
 Are you alone return'd, or know you ought
 Of our small party?—of my friend?

UMFREVILLE.

Your friend

Is prisoner to the Indians, in their hands
 These eyes beheld him, through the leafy brake
 Wherein I lay conceal'd, like some wild beast,
 Which hears the shout of hunters in the woods,
 Nor from his covert will be rous'd, but sits . . .
 Still closer at the sound—scarce dar'd I breathe,
 So near the Indians pass'd my hiding-place,
 And with them was their captive.

JULIA.

Was he wounded?

UMFREVILLE.

He seem'd unhurt, nor did they use him harshly.
 But there is danger, lest our wild abode,
 All-shelter'd as it seems by these dark shades,
 Should be discover'd.—In the grove hard by
 I saw an Indian——

FERDINAND.

Where?

UMFREVILLE.

Upon the ground
 He lay, where yon tall pine o'ertops its fellows.

FERDINAND.

Dismiss that danger from your thoughts, his eyes
 Are clos'd in death.—Beneath my sword he fell,
 While at my head he aim'd his pointed dart.

UMFREVILLE.

He is not dead—for as I near him pass'd
 But now, I saw him move, and thought he slept—
 —We must cut short at once the vital thread,
 Or give him aid, for 'twould be most inhuman
 To let him linger there in misery.—
 He may betray us to his countrymen,—
 Yet gratitude glows strongly in the bosoms
 Of these rude sons of nature.—For my part,
 I would restore him, with some risk, to life—

FERDINAND.

And so will I.—If pity shall delay
 To stretch her hand out to a falling wretch,
 Till doubting caution can make out in proof,
 That such her kindness will not lead to danger,
 She may as well turn hermit, or go mount
 Again her native skies, for on this earth

She will but waste herself in barren tears,
Nor save one victim from the gulph of ruin.

[*Exit.*]

UMFREVILLE.

Wake, lady, from this lethargy of sorrow,
Nor thus in silent grief consume that strength,
Which bath sustained so much of toil and danger.

JULIA.

Oh! What are toil and danger to the loss
Of him who gave me being?—him, whose care
Supply'd a mother's place from early youth,
E'en to this fatal period of misfortune,
My friend and guide: his counsels taught me prudence,
When fortune snil'd; and in the hour of danger
His cheering eye revived my sinking spirits—
But now am I bereft of all support;
Left, like some shoot, whose parent tree the winds
Have in their fury from its roots up-torn,
. To droop and die—with thee, my father, fled
Thy daughter's every hope.—

UMFREVILLE.

Remember yet

Thou hast another father, who to thee,

To him, thou mourn'st, and all of us, his children,
 Extends his care paternal; to whose sight
 We are as present in this wilderness,
 As is the mightiest monarch of the earth,
 In all the pomp and splendour of his greatness.

JULIA.

Oh, pardon, heaven, if in the first surprise
 Of this severe misfortune, while my brain
 Was giddy with the shock, my wand'ring tongue
 Hath pour'd the language of distraction forth,
 And rav'd I know not what, of impious folly.
 Oh! teach me resignation to thy will;
 Support my yielding strength, which, but for thee,
 Must sink beneath this load of woe.

UMFREVILLE.

I own,
 The burden is no light one; yet, perhaps,
 Imagination hath outrun the truth;
 Thy father is not kill'd,—may soon escape,—
 Nay more, 'tis not impossible, these Indians,
 All savage as they are, may stand our friends;
 How oft do things of most forbidding aspect,

On more acquaintance, prove most profitable!—
 Oft doth the gloomy cloud, whose course the hind
 In silence ey'd, and trembled for his grain,
 Dissolve in kindly moisture o'er his head,
 Turning his fears to joy—this very morn,
 When wand'ring from the beach ye first beheld
 Thc rugged front of this mishapen rock,
 Ye could not think to find within its bosom
 The warmth and comfort of my friendly cave;
 Then let us hope, the natives of these woods,
 Whose first encounter hath so troubled us,
 May do us kindness, give us some assistance,
 Or useful information,—guide us hence,—
 Perchance enable us to reach the dwellings
 Of men more civiliz'd.

JULIA.

That were indeed a blessing—but to think on't
 Gives me new life—I have sometimes been told,
 That savage nations are most hospitable;
 Nor cruel, but to those they take in war.
 —And if my father could prevail on them
 To give us aid, perhaps we are not far
 From English settlements.

UMFREVILLE.

Oh! wond'rous spring
 Of youth's elastic mind, which, at one bound,
 Leaps from the deepest gulph of sad despair
 E'en to the highest pinnacle of hope.
 O'er all the pleasing prospects, I have drawn,
 Still hangs the cloud of dark uncertainty:
 Nor should we so to fancy give the reins,
 As to permit her coinage in our thoughts
 To dwell uncheck'd, although it bear the form
 Of things most probable: but with our wishes
 Mix many a doubt; alive to expectation,
 Yet chast'ning hope with fear—This Indian youth
 May turn to better knowledge our conjectures—

Enter Potowmac and Ferdinand conversing.

POTOWMAC.

Our dwellings are far hence;—but on this coast
 We range at times, in search of game and fish,
 For winter-store;—full well are known to us
 The people of your language and complexion,
 The children of the king, whose empire lies

O'er the great waters, towards the rising sun—
 With these our warriors and myself have mix'd
 In frequent intercourse of peace and war.

FERDINAND.

But say which now prevails?

POTOWMAC.

The bloody hatchet
 Hath for some moons been buried in the earth.

FERDINAND.

Think you, your warriors then will give us here
 The hand of friendship, and conduct our steps
 To our own settlements?

POTOWMAC.

I know not that—the chief, who hath most weight
 Among our warlike youth, dislikes your nation,
 With much reluctance smok'd the pipe of peace;
 And, could he find occasion, would resume
 The dress of battle—Dark he is, and sullen,
 Implacable in hate, and violent,
 (Being mov'd to anger) as the cataract,
 Whose roar the hunter, list'ning for his prey,
 Hears in the woods far off—And more there are,

I fear, whose breasts as yet the belt of friendship,
 So recently delivered, hath not cleans'd
 From all resentment 'gainst your countrymen.—
 But for myself—the blood, which you have stopp'd,
 Shall freely flow again to do you service.

UMFREVILLE.

His hurt may need repose, and we have all
 Encounter'd much fatigue—Retire we then
 Within the cave; there, while our limbs have rest,
 The mind may home recall its scatter'd thoughts
 To weigh the good and ill that lies before us.—

[*Exeunt into the cave.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roanoko with other Indians, and Thomas.

THOMAS.

This is the place I told you of, and that
 The hollow in the rock.—

ROANOKO.

Hush! make no noise,
 Steal softly in—

[*They all go into the cave—Julia shrieks with-*

in—the sound of a pistol is heard—re-enter Indians and Thomas, with Umfreville, &c. prisoners.

FERDINAND.

[*To Thomas, who shrinks back.*

The shot flew wide—but let my surer sword
Once find thy treach'rous heart within its length,
And if thou scapest me then, I will forgive thee.

ROANOKO.

Waste not thy breath in words, but with the rest
Set forward on thy march.

FERDINAND.

Indian,—

UMFREVILLE.

Forbear!

What boots it to incense a savage foe?
This is the chief, of whom Potowmac told us;
And the dark frown, that scowls upon his brow,
Speaks wrath within—

FERDINAND.

Were he the devil himself,

Instead of being but his deputy,

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To rule a few of his black subjects here,
I'd not regard his frowns—

POTOWMAC.

Provoke him not;

It shall go hard, but I will find some means
For your escape;—by taunts he may be rouz'd
To sudden outrage—and ye should appear
Resign'd to your hard fate, or else my aid
Will scarce avail.

FERDINAND.

No more—we are observ'd—
I will rein in my anger, though it choak me.

ROANOKO.

The sun hath climb'd above the morning's mist;
'Tis time we should be gone—Whence this delay?
Did ye not hear?—Set forward on your march.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Roanoko and other Indians, looking about—among them is Thomas, who appears now in an Indian dress.

ROANOKO.

THIS is Potowmac's doing—He it is,
Hath freed these captives from our toils, and taught them
To screen their flight from observation—Well?
What hear ye there?

FIRST INDIAN.

No creature breathes within.

SECOND INDIAN.

Nor seems the place to have been visited
Since our departure.

ROANOKO.

They will yet return;
In time the foxes will regain their haunts,

But crafty must they be, to 'scape my eye;
For in these woods will I keep watch for them.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Potowmac and Ferdinand.

POTOWMAC.

Our warriors have been here—these marks are fresh.
—I led you round on purpose, that pursuit
Might over-run us, and complete its search,
Before we should arrive.

FERDINAND.

Why then our friends
May enter?

[*They go out, and return with Umfreville, Julia,
and Herbert, who is supported by Potowmac.*

HERBERT.

Thanks, kind youth, for this assistance,
Alone my feet can scarce support their burden.

UMFREVILLE.

In then, and rest a while—

[*Herbert and Umfreville go into the cave.*

POTOWMAC.

I'll play the scout;

And spy, if any of my countrymen
Yet bide within the forest.

FERDINAND.

Will you go

Alone, or shall we try the woods together?

JULIA.

Already would you seek for fresh adventures?
You are in love with danger, Ferdinand.

FERDINAND.

Why, dearest, 'tis to guard us all from danger
That I would go—nor will I venture rashly.

POTOWMAC.

I'll go alone—my form, at distance seen,
Will lead to no conclusion; but one glimpse,
Caught through the trees, of your accoutrements
Would turn suspicion into certainty,
And shew the hunters where their prey is lodg'd.

[*Exit.*

FERDINAND.

What, lost in thought, my Julia?

JULIA.

Oh! these rocks,
 Which but this morning seem'd so full of horror,
 How fair an aspect by comparison
 Do they now wear! Escaping from the camp
 Of those fierce savages, I here return
 As to a home--and view yon cavern's mouth
 As 'twere the entrance to some princely dwelling.

To speak more soberly, my Ferdinand,
 How many are there on this earth, whose roof
 Affords less shelter from the elements
 Than this poor cell! whose food is coarser far,
 Than what these woods will furnish to our wants!
 Then may we yet be happy, if the mind
 Will do its part, and strive to be content.

FERDINAND.

Julia, where'er thou art, my happiness
 Must ever dwell.—Thy presence in my eyes
 Will turn this cavern to a summer's bower,
 These rugged stones to flower-enamell'd banks;
 The boist'rous clamours of yon roaring sea,
 Will sound like murmurs from some bubbling rill,

Invoking, as it runs, the god of sleep;
 The tyrant north, that rends the stubborn oak,
 Will seem the playful Zephyr, whose light wing
 Brushes the dew-drop from the full blown rose,
 Nor shakes its tender leaf—and thus the wild,
 Deck'd with thy beauties, shall put off its gloom,
 And to my thoughts present a paradise:
 Such power o'er fancy's vision hath true love.

JULIA.

Aye, Ferdinand, for men in love are blind,
 And fancy then surrounds with every charm
 The object of their vows—herself a goddess,
 Her dwelling-place is heaven.—But, they say,
 Time tears the bandage from the lover's eyes,
 And brings him back to earth—And thus I fear
 The soft illusions of thy love will cease,
 And these dark scenes resume their native hue.

FERDINAND.

Oh! sooner by a change in this sad place
 Imagination might be realiz'd,
 Than I could cease to love.—But our good ship
 Perhaps is not quite lost—at least the wreck

May furnish us with stores or means of comfort.
 Another effort will I make to reach
 The shore on which we struck.

JULIA.

Yet go not hence;
 Expose not so thy life—Thou, Ferdinand,
 And my dear father, are mine only treasures,
 And I would fain preserve them.—Oh! then stay—
 And I will teach opinion to subscribe
 To all the flatt'ring pictures, Thou hast drawn,
 And say it were far better to be here,
 Than in the vessel on our passage home:
 But surely she is lost.

FERDINAND.

Yet some perchance
 Of our brave seamen may have reach'd the land,
 And may require assistance.

JULIA.

Much I dread
 The Indians—in this forest too there are
 Wild beasts.—'Tis clear the steward is devour'd;
 He ne'er was taken by the foe, and, living,
 By this would have rejoin'd us.—

FERDINAND.

I may chance
To light upon him still.—The Indians all
Are gone far hence—And for wild beasts—by day
I do not fear them; I'll be cautious, love,
And soon return.

[*Exit Ferdinand.*]

Enter Umfreville from the Cave.

JULIA.

How is my father?

UMFREVILLE.

On the bed he sleeps.

JULIA.

Refreshing be his slumbers.—I admire,
How, while these strange events are passing round us,
Your mind is still unruffled—

UMFREVILLE.

'Tis the lesson

Taught by old age and sad experience:
Man, first entangl'd in misfortune's toils,
Is like the silly bird, which, flying round
The hollows of yon cavern, and bewilder'd

In their dark windings, beats his little wings
 Against the stones in frantic eagerness,
 Nor will have patience to explore the way,
 By which he might escape; unpractis'd youth,
 Thus spends its strength in vain—but more acquaintance
 With the harsh features of adversity
 Doth teach us to behold with stedfast eye
 The terrors of her frown, nor lose ourselves
 In idle fears and impotent exertion.

JULIA.

You have been long then in the school of sorrow?

UMFREVILLE.

I have indeed—more years than you, fair maid,
 As I should guess, have number'd in this world.
 Long prisoner to a cruel foe—a slave—
 In mines—with in the entrails of the earth,
 Where never did we feel the breath of morn,
 Or noontide sun—or sweet vicissitude
 Of day and night;—but sickly torches gleam'd
 Upon the walls, and on the mortal damps,
 Which from the vault, e'en sensible to sight,
 Hung o'er our heads.—Beyond my hopes restor'd
 To light and freedom,—On my passage home,—

Then here thrown back an outcast from the world,
I have long seem'd to be the sport of fortune.

JULIA.

Your state in this lone cave was little better,
Than that, from which you had escap'd.

UMFREVILLE.

Worse! worse!

Oh! that my direst foe may never feel
The miseries of hopeless solitude:
To know no interchange of thought, to talk
With idle effort to the senseless stones,
Or else resign the faculty of speech,
Lay down the grand prerogative of man,
Put on the brute, and dwell in sullen silence.

Within the mine sometimes, in mournful concert,
The plaintive song would tremble on our lips;
But e'en the murmurs of a fellow-slave,
The tinkling of his hammer on the rocks,
The clanking of his chains, his very groans,
Were far less dreadful, than that horrid stillness,
Which seems, as nature had forgot her functions,
And the wide world were one vast scene of death.

JULIA.

It must indeed be terrible.

UMFREVILLE.

How often,

Indulging foolish fancies, have I stood
 For hours together on the neighb'ring shore,
 To call the echo from these hollow rocks;
 And mock'd my sorrows with her loud response,
 Till I had almost cheated my fond hopes,
 To think, another voice had answer'd mine;
 And waking from that dream of happiness,
 I could have sat me down upon the sands,
 And cried like any child.—Oh! dearest lady!
 But for that pow'r, whose hand invisible
 Supports us in distress, ere this my senses
 Had wander'd from their home.

JULIA.

May your example
 Teach me to bear with patience lesser evils,
 And our society in turn contribute
 To cheer your solitary life.—Perhaps
 Ere this my father is awake.

[*Exeunt into the cave.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ferdinand.

'Tis so—yon Indian still with measured steps
 Observes my motions, crouching to the ground,
 As steals the crafty tyger on his prey.
 He shall perceive, I see him.—Friend, or foe?

ROANOKO.

Could ye then hope to baffle the pursuit
 Of Indian warriors, taught from infancy
 To track the beasts more subtle in their flight,
 And swifter in the race, than Europe's sons?

FERDINAND.

Proud chief, Why com'st thou to molest us here?
 Go rouse thy proper game.—Thou hast no right
 To ought, that we possess.

ROANOKO.

Thou talk'st indeed,

As if thy people knew a difference
 'Twixt right and power; by fraud or force ye gain'd
 The ancient realms of our brave ancestors,

The plains, o'er which they chas'd the flying deer,
 The coast on which they fish'd, without obstruction,
 Till Europe's painted vessels cross'd the seas
 With toys to cheat, and thunder to destroy
 Our unsuspecting nations—fence then still,
 And plant, howe'er acquir'd, your new domains,
 Call all within them yours, nor let us range
 Beyond the limits, ye have drawn; but still
 These wilds are ours, these forests, and these rocks;
 Here we at least are lords—and all we find,
 Or man, or beast, is subject to our will.

Now follow, slave—

FERDINAND.

Vain boaster, thou command'st
 As if thy savage tribes were standing round
 To enforce thy orders.

ROANOKO.

That this arm shall do.

[*Roanoko attacks Ferdinand with his tomahawk;*
—Ferdinand puts by the blow with his stick,
and knocks him down—enter Umfreville from
the cave.

UMFREVILLE.

Methought from out my cell I heard the sound
Of angry voices.

FERDINAND.

If your cave affords
The means to bind this savage, bring them quickly.

[*Exit Umfreville.*]

—How to dispose of this same prisoner,
Will much, I fear, perplex our little senate.
To let him now depart from us, would lead
To certain ruin—nor will his release
Be safe in future—But of this hereafter:

[*Umfreville re-enters with a cord.*]

The blow had stunn'd him. But the pulse of life
Returns, and anger flashes in his eyes.

ROANOKO.

Pale stripling! do thy worst; ere this my teeth
Had torn thy hairy scalp, had not my weapon
Prov'd faithless to its master.

FERDINAND.

In what place

Shall we bestow a spirit so untam'd?

Not in the cave, for Julia's gentleness
Would sink with terror at his boist'rous rage.

Enter Potowmac.

POTOWMAC, *offering to take Ferdinand's stick.*

Lend me your club—one blow shall dash his brains out.

FERDINAND.

Hold, hold, thy cruel hand.

POTOWMAC.

I ne'er was prone
To cruelty—My arm, from pain and insult,
In mercy would set free a vanquish'd foe:
When at my feet he lies, the stroke of death
Is kind, not cruel.

UMFREVILLE.

You, Potowmac, practise
Your nation's virtues; but our Christian mercy
The hand of pity lends to raise the vanquish'd;
Not bathes it in his blood.

POTOWMAC.

It may be so.

But we must shift our quarters; there are more
Than this fall'n chief, at hand, in quest of us.

*[Ferdinand goes into the cave, and re-enters with
Julia and her Father; in the mean time Um-
freville raises up Roanoko.]*

FERDINAND.

Lean on my arm, my dearest Julia.

*[As they are going off, leading with them their
prisoner, the war-whoop is heard, and the In-
dians rush in on both sides, unbind Roanoko,
and bind the others.]*

ROANOKO.

Quick, bind that traitor to yon tree—Bring wood
And place it near; he shall breathe out his soul
In fiercest torments.

*[Potowmac is bound to a tree towards the front of
the stage, the others remain near the entrance
of the cave.]*

POTOWMAC.

Wouldst thou shake with threats
A warrior's mind?—Go, bring thy tortures forth;
Try every art, which malice hath in store,

To keep from death's soft doze a mangled carcase;
But first call here thy sons, that they may learn,
(Against the season, when their coward souls
May need the lesson) how an Indian chief
Should chant the song of triumph, ere he flies
To join his fathers in the world of spirits.

—Thou know'st, I am no woman, nor no child,
To shrink from pain: ere this thou hast beheld me
Clasp, unappall'd, within my firm embrace
A growling bear; hast seen me stand, unmoved,
Among the whistling bullets of those men,
Who scatter death invisible; hast fled
Before me with thy people; for thou know'st
I was not born among thy puny race,
But first o'erpower'd by numbers, then adopted
By the vile tribe—Thy friends of old have felt
My arm—My arrow drank thy brother's blood,
My hatchet struck thy father to the ground—
I tore his bleeding scalp from off his skull,
As I would thine, wert thou, where I now stand.

[Enter an Indian, who whispers Roanoko—*the savages all go out, leaving the prisoners bound*

*and the torch, brought to light the wood round
Potowmac, on the ground.*

HERBERT.

Now speak no more of comfort or of hope.

UMFREVILLE.

I will not so far flatter our condition,
As to hold forth a prospect of relief
From painful sufferings and a cruel death;
Yet will I trust, that He, from whom these Indians
Have pow'r to persecute, will store our minds
With fortitude to bear the persecution.

FERDINAND.

I fear not death, have look'd him in the face,
And will again, undaunted—But * see there—

* *Pointing to Julia lying on the ground.*

Whene'er I turn my thoughts that way, I own,
I am almost unmann'd—What sounds are those?

[*Sound of musketry is heard in the wood—Roonoko and the Indians fly over the stage, pursued by English sailors, with Frank at their head. The sailors fill the front of the stage*

*before Umfreville, &c. &c. Frank unbinds
Potowmac.*

FRANK.

Here's that, which sends the heretics to heaven,
Here's fire and faggot—We've just sav'd his bacon:
Five minutes more, and he had been well scorch'd,
And stuck with arrows, till his dingy carcase
Look'd like a roasted hedge-hog through the flames:
Sad dogs!—to tar and feather a poor devil,
Would be no sport to them, unless indeed
They burn'd him afterwards.

UMFREVILLE.

Whence came you here?

Scarce can I trust my eye-sight.

FRANK.

Sir, this morning,

When that tremendous outcry to our convoy
Gave signal to disperse, I steer'd my course
For yon bluff' point, and looking thence, beheld
Our ship at anchor in a shelter'd bay,
Riding in saucy triumph on the waves,
As she had quite forgot, how her old sides

So lately crack'd again with their hard buffets.
 This seen, I scamper'd down, as if the Indians
 Were still upon my heels, to join our crew;
 Since when we have been seeking out this spot.

FERDINAND.

Said you, our ship was safe?

FRANK.

Aye, safe and sound,
 Her leaks all stopped, and in as gallant trim,
 As when she first shew'd canvas to the wind.
 You may aboard her, and set sail for England,
 This very night; unless you've ta'en a fancy,
 To this same pleasant birth.

FERDINAND.

For England then—

This is rare news.

FRANK (*bringing forward Thomas prisoner*).

But here's a precious rascal
 Hangs out false colours, fights in masquerade;
 I should as soon have looked to find my comrade
 Wrapt in a shaggy hide, upon all-fours,
 Prowling the woods among the bears, as thus,
 Among the copper gentry.

FERDINAND.

For his sentence,

'Tis quickly pass'd:—Potowmac, you'll with us;
And we will leave this Indian warrior here,
To play the chief instead of you.

THOMAS.

Good captain,

Blow out my brains at once, or hang me up,
Rather than leave me here, with these wild men.
Already have they pinch'd, and scor'd my flesh,
And when I roar'd with anguish, mock'd, and jeer'd,
And said, an Indian should not shrink from pain.
Besides, I fear, I must to war with them,
There, if we get the better, with my friends,
To feast upon broil'd men, or, vanquish'd, be
A supper for my foes.—For mercy's sake
Do take me with you.—Keep me all the voyage
At the mast-head—or tie me to the shrowds,
And give me a round dozen once a day,
But take me with you.

JULIA.

Dearest Ferdinand,
Drive not this wretched creature to despair.

UMFREVILLE.

He's but half-witted, scarcely seems to know
How differs right from wrong.

FERDINAND.

At your request,

We'll take him hence.—* This is your handy-work,

* *Endeavouring to unbind Thomas.*

I fancy, steward; whoso tied these knots,
Tied with good will. They may defy all power
Of fingers.

FRANK.

He's in luck, I think, your honour,
To 'scape without a knot beneath his ear.

UMFREVILLE.

This knife perhaps may be of service.—* Friend,

* *To Thomas.*

You may give thanks to heaven and our compassion
For your deliverance.—May what you've suffer'd
Produce amendment.

FRANK.

How the lubber gapes,

Like a sick oyster, when the tide's at ebb.

FERDINAND.

[*Returning the knife to Umfreville.*

Permit my curiosity to ask,
 Why on this knife engrav'd I see a figure,
 In which I take some interest—the image,
 From the waist upwards, of a steel-clad knight
 Holding a battle-axe,—the arm rais'd up
 As if in act to strike; and on his breast
 He wears the ensign of the holy cross.

UMFREVILLE.

[*Looking on the knife.*

Distinction useless here—Remembrancer
 Of time long since gone by!—Sir, when I fill'd
 A place in civiliz'd society,
 Some twenty years ago—that crest I claim'd,
 The bearing of an ancient house, bestow'd
 In times of old by Richard Cœur de Lion,
 For services perform'd in Palestine.

FERDINAND.

Your words surprise me—I too bear that crest.

UMFREVILLE.

It is the true appendage to the arms
 Of Umfreville—

FERDINAND.

Will wonders never cease?

My name you now have mentioned.

UMFREVILLE.

Did your father

Bear too that crest, that name?

FERDINAND.

I both inherit

Through a long line of noble ancestors.

UMFREVILLE.

Your father is not living then?

FERDINAND.

He died,

While I an infant in the cradle lay.

A gallant soldier, in his country's cause

He fell beneath the walls—

UMFREVILLE.

Of Carthagena?

FERDINAND.

'Twas there indeed my father found his grave.

UMFREVILLE.

Kind Providence! Thy ways are full of wonder,

Thy mercies infinite!—My son! my son!
 'Tis true, thy father fell at Carthagena,
 But there he died not.—Taken from the slain,
 To be entomb'd with those, to whose sad steps
 Return on earth is scarce less difficult
 Than to the tenants of the silent grave—
 With slaves in Spanish mines —How I came hither,
 Must be the story of some future hour.

FERDINAND.

Henceforward, sir, thy son shall freely pay
 The duty, which he owes, and hopes beside
 To add some interest for the length of years
 It has remain'd untender'd.

UMFREVILLE.

Many children
 Return the like to thee.—My son —thy mother—?
 I almost fear to ask—but is thy mother—?

FERDINAND.

She's yet alive.

UMFREVILLE.

And doth she still retain
 The name of Umfreville?

FERDINAND.

She ne'er would listen
 To second vows, but pour'd upon my head
 The yet-remaining treasures of her love.
 Oft o'er me, when a boy, she wept thy loss,
 And still she mourns; the lapse of time her sorrows
 Hath calm'd, not stolen away.

UMFREVILLE.

My dear Matilda!

She was an angel ever—yet her image
 Sits, as of old, enthron'd within my bosom;
 Oft in my dreams have I convers'd with it,
 Methought 'twas full of comfort—gave me lessons,
 To bear my ills with patience; and sometimes
 It told me, we should meet again in heaven.
 But never in this world did I expect
 To see her face again.—* May Ferdinand

* *To Julia.*

So love thy virtues, as for many years
 I have ador'd his mother; may'st thou be
 To him the wife, Matilda is to me;
 Like her in excellence, but not in fortune.

JULIA.

Not now for the first time, since we have met,
My grateful heart acknowledges your kindness.

FERDINAND.

Once more then joy returns to sit in smiles
On Julia's lips.—How little did we think,
The wind, which drove us on this dreary coast,
Was but the marshal to this happy meeting;
And, when its peal rang loudest in our ears,
But spake the prologue to this joyful scene.

UMFREVILLE.

Learn hence, my son, the ills of life to bear,
And guard thy bosom from the fiend Despair.
The storm, which promised in its furious sweep
To whelm thy shatter'd bark beneath the deep,
With present joy repays thy past alarms,
And gives a long lost father to thine arms.
The roughest paths, on which our footsteps press,
Are often thus the road to happiness;
His eye alone, on whom we all depend,
Can trace their windings, or discern their end;

In him then trust—let not thy courage fail,
Though danger threaten, or distress assail;
But fix this truth within thy constant mind,
That God is ever good, though man is blind.

E P I L O G U E.

CLYPEOQUE INSIGNE PATERNUM

CENTUM ANGUES, CINCTAMQUE GERIT SERPENTIBUS HYDRAM.

VIRG.

“ ‘Tis the first time,” quoth Codrus, with a sneer,
“ That crests have been of use for many a year;
Arms are a toy, a feather, idly priz'd
In days of yore; by reason now despis'd.
See, how in France reform's indignant hand
Hath swept at once such follies from the land.”
Peace, Jacobin,—these toys are virtue's meed,
The bright records of many a noble deed;
These feathers are a wing, on which men rise
From earth to glory's temple in the skies;
Arms are a toy!—Uncensur'd would they pass,
Were they indeed but wood, or painted glass;

But ye must hate, whate'er can prompt the mind
 To soar on high, and leave the crowd behind;
 Such flights derange your equalizing plan;
 T' excel is treason in the “ Rights of Man.”—

But since so fond of Romans ye are grown,
 And speak of them in such familiar tone,
 That we almost with Brutus seem to talk,
 Or in the forum with old Cato walk,
 How comes it ye are ignorant, that they
 Made of their houses honours grand display?
 That in the long procession us'd to shine
 The painted glories of each ancient line;
 The noble offspring, privileg'd on high
 To bear the statues ^a of their ancestry,

^a The *Jus Imaginis*, or privilege of using pictures or statues, among the Romans, in some respects resembled the right to bear arms, with us.—One, whose ancestors had gone through any of the offices called curule offices, was allowed to use their pictures or statues, and was stiled “ Nobilis” or Noble.—A man whose ancestors had never filled an office of that description, but who had himself executed such an office, might use his own effigy, and was called “ Novus,” or a New Man.—The rest of the citizens were “ Ignobiles,” or Ignoble. See Ken. Antiq. part 2.

Survey'd with decent awe th' embroider'd gown,
The iv'ry seat, bright car, and golden crown,
Rever'd th' illustrious dead, and copied their renown.

Yet think I not your hatred to assuage,
By proving arms of Roman parentage;
For France hath shewn, what 'tis, your sect admire
In ages past; for what alone inquire;
Ye search among the annals of old times,
For splendid names to patronise your crimes;
With Cato lend your wives, with Brutus kill,
But only follow them in what is ill:
And where their code a precedent denies,
Philosophy herself a leaf supplies;
For though it prov'd man's right to kill a king,
To rob the priesthood was another thing;
Of that from Rome no instance could ye bring.

Well didst thou, Burke, as if inspir'd, presage,
The course of guilt in this destroying age;
That those, whose innovating hand defac'd
Each ornament, which birth or virtue grac'd,

book 3. Their statues were mostly made of wax, and coloured.
They were brought out at festivals and funerals.

The noble's arms and title torn away,
Next on his more substantial wealth would prey;
Then in the march of vice take one step more,
And stain at last the scaffold with his gore.

Long since to thee had France's troubled sky
Foretold the earthquake, ere the shock was nigh;
Thou saw'st, how impious sophists had combin'd,
To shake with horrid doubts the Christian mind;
Religion's influence gone, thou knew'st, if fame
They should reject, and honour's voice disclaim,
The passions, unrestrain'd, with dreadful force
Must rage, and spread destruction in their course;
As, from their prison in the north, (the door
Once open'd wide) the furious winds would pour,
And earth, air, seas, and heav'n, confound with wild
uproar:

Champion of truth, how griev'd we at the doom,
Which bade thy son precede thee to the tomb!
Nor one descendant left upon the stage,
To bear thy honours to another age;
Who, while thy blazon glitter'd in his eyes,
Had felt thy spirit in his bosom rise,

To warn his country 'gainst each secret foe,
Point out the ^b dagger, and prevent the blow.

Whom sees the muse, where yon tall fleets engage
In stubborn fight, and death lets loose his rage?
Thick round his lab'ring ship the lightnings fly,
While clouds of smoke ascend the vaulted sky;
Upon the vessel's deck the hero stands,
Thence looks around, and issues his commands,
Unmov'd by all the terrors of the scene,
With head erect, and countenance serene,
Like Jove, when Ida trembles at his nod,
Or high Olympus owns her thund'ring god:
'Tis he,—whose memory dwells with conscious pride
On those, who nobly liv'd, and greatly died;
'Tis he,—who oft hath seen the laurel bough
Encircle with its leaves the arms of Howe.
And shall not Duncan's, or St. Vincent's crest
With generous ardour warm some noble breast?

^b Mr. Burke produced in the house of commons one of the daggers made at Birmingham for the Jacobins. See Com. Deb. Dec. 28, 1793, by Debrett.

Shall no brave youth seek glory on the main,
Rous'd by the palms, which Nelson's ^c shield sustain?
Honours well-earn'd—With transport Nelson view'd,
Though moor'd in port, the fleet so long pursu'd;
The fleet once seen, he sands and shoals defy'd,
Steer'd boldly in, and anchor'd by its side:
From every ship the din of battle rose,
Nor ceas'd the conflict, till Britannia's foes
Display'd her conquering flag, or sunk beneath her blows:
No sons were they of Nile, whose trembling host
Turn'd with their queen ^d to flight from Actium's coast,
While victory from far survey'd the fight
In doubt as yet, on whom she should alight;
Nor led by one, who, sway'd by female fears,
Would lose the world to dry a woman's tears;
But bold, bad men, who left their native land
To rob and plunder on a friendly strand;

^c The supporters to Lord Nelson's arms are palm trees, from a grove of palms on the shore, near which the action was fought.

^d At the battle of Actium Cleopatra, while the victory was yet in suspense, being frightened at the tumult of the engagement, fled with all her ships, and was followed by Anthony.

Who dar'd each risk their blood-stain'd spoils to save,
Inur'd to war, and fearless of the wave,
Commanded by a chief, whose fierce despair
Fought, till his burning ship was blown into the air;
Her fragments shot on high, and in their flight
Like meteors glar'd amidst the shades of night;
While Egypt from the limits of her reign,
Re-echo'd the explosion to the main:
The wand'ring Arab, who his camels fed,
Where rears the pyramid its ancient head,
Who, in his tents awaken'd by the roar
Of cannon pealing on the distant shore,
Had climb'd the pile, and hop'd that morning's light
Would give a spacious prospect to his sight,
Now wild with terror at this heavier sound,
Threw o'er the gloomy scene his eyes around,
He saw the low horizon red with flame,
He felt beneath him shake the massy frame,
He trembled at the shock, nor knew, from whence it
came.

England, thou'rt yet thyself!—Thy former praise
Yet fires the offspring of thy latter days:

The blood of heroes in their veins still flows;
Still do thy gallant tars resemble those,
Whose thunders shook of old the power of Spain,
And whelm'd her proud Armada in the main;
Like them we love our country and its laws;
Like them will we defend religion's cause:
Our fathers crouch'd not at a bigot's nod,
Their sons defy "the men without a God."

THE END.

BERTHIER'S DREAM

AT

R O M E,

IN 1798.

A R G U M E N T.

BERTHIER, after his entry into Rome, retiring to consider how he should most easily revive the memory of the heroes of the ancient republic, dreams that he is placing a chaplet on the statue of Marcus Brutus, at a festival, held in honour of that old patriot, whose conduct in conspiring against Cæsar had been the constant subject of praise in France from the commencement of the revolution;—when a voice is heard from the image, accounting for the assassination of the Dictator, as the plain consequence of the principles in which the Romans were educated; but admitting the errors of the patriot school, its tendency to inflame ambition and pride, and the inadequacy of its influence to support man under adversity.—The voice then observes on the difference between that system and Christianity in those points, and also in respect to assassination; and concludes with a warning not to follow, in preference to the light of revealed religion, the examples of men, who confessedly walked in darkness.

BERTHIER'S DREAM AT ROME, IN 1798.

ADMONET IN SOMNIS ET TURBIDA TERRET IMAGO. VIRG.

THE arts of France on Tyber's banks prevail'd,
And shouting crowds in triumph Berthier hail'd!
At length, the general from the noisy crew,
Fatigued with honours, to his couch withdrew—
There plann'd his future glories: from her tomb
To call the genius of Imperial Rome;
To strew the sacred capitol with bays;
And make its walls re-echo with the praise
Of each stern patriot and enlighten'd sage,
Whose virtues grac'd a philosophic age,
Ere Christian superstition had confin'd
Man's active powers and energies of mind.

Then ran his thoughts o'er many a Roman name,
 Inscrib'd in blood upon the rolls of fame;
 From him^a who struck his brother to the ground,
 For idly jesting on the rising mound,
 To that firm band, who Cæsar's death conspir'd,
 Rome's true born sons: by whose bright virtue fir'd,
 French patriots gave that splendid project birth,
 To drive the foes of freedom from the earth;
 At once twelve hundred daggers^b to provide,
 And form a legion of Tyrannicide.

^a Romulus.

^b On Sunday, 26 August 1792, Jean Debry proposed in the National Assembly, “ l'organisation d'un corps de 1200 volontaires, qui se devoueront à aller attaquer corps à corps individuellement les tyrans, qui nous font la guerre, et les généraux, qu'ils ont préposés pour anéantir en France la liberté publique.” See debates published in the Moniteur, 28 Aug. 1792. Two members of the assembly immediately declared their willingness to belong to the corps, as soon as they should be released from their legislative functions; but the measure was opposed on grounds of policy, as likely to lead to retaliation; an objection which had so much weight with the assembly, that the further consideration of this proposal was referred to a committee. Perhaps Mutius Scævola may at first sight appear better entitled to

While thus he mus'd, before his slumbering eyes
The statue of great Brutus seem'd to rise;
It seem'd within a spacious fane to stand;
About the marble image, hand in hand,
Young men and beauteous maids, a festive train,
Danc'd a light round to music's softest strain.
Himself too, in this scene, appear'd to hold
A wreath like those in triumph worn of old;
Which on the statue's awful brow he bound,
Then back retir'd, with reverence profound;
Anon the chaplet seem'd from off the stone
To fall—the music ceas'd—a hollow groan
Was heard, and then these words in solemn tone:
“ Cease your vain rites, nor look to ancient times
To furnish precedent for modern crimes;

the honour of having inspired the French upon this occasion, than the conspirators against Cæsar; but Mutius, with all the merit of good intention, had the misfortune to kill only a king's secretary, instead of a king. The assassins of the dictator therefore rank much higher in the estimation of a true republican; and the fame of the unlucky Scævola is almost lost in the brighter glory of the successful Brutus and Cassius.

'Tis true, the world beheld great Cæsar bleed
Beneath my arm; true, conscience own'd the deed:
Yet think not, my example teacheth you
In regal blood the dagger to imbrue:
Not mine the school that form'd your infant minds,
The lights which guide them, or the law that binds.
Rome from their earliest youth her children taught
To mix her image with each rising thought,
To worship her their idol; at her shrine
Each softer feeling of the soul resign:
No touch of love but towards her friend to know;
Nor other hatred but against her foe:
Her voice alone impell'd a Roman breast,
Curs'd if she censur'd, in her praises blest;
Such Junius sat, and saw with stedfast eye
The lictors hand the young offenders tie;
Without a groan beheld his sons expire;
A genuine patriot, though a cruel sire.
Such stern Horatius stabb'd the love-sick maid,
Who in the public joy her grief betray'd,
And dar'd the lustre of his triumph stain
With tears of sorrow for a lover slain;

Such we too round the proud dictator throng'd,
Exacting vengeance for our country wrong'd:
Long had the blood, at sight of her foul chains,
Boil'd with resentment in my heated veins;
Oft too some scroll, to me by name address,
Rous'd every spark of manhood in my breast;
Doth Marcus sleep? hath then his country's grief
No claim from Brutus to demand relief?
Not so he thought, the first, thy name who bore;
Wake, Brutus, and be free, or be no more.—
What wonder then, my hand its weapon drew
Obedient to the only law I knew?
That law which bade me look for good and ill,
For vice and virtue, to my country's will;
Which doom'd the man who dar'd that will enthral
For guilt most foul of sacrilege to fall.
Unmov'd by hate, I aim'd the deadly blow;
Unpitying, saw the purple current flow;
With awe, held up ^c the bloody steel on high,
An offering to Rome and liberty.—

^c As soon as Cæsar had fallen, Brutus, lifting up his bloody dagger, called aloud upon Cicero; and congratulated with him on the restoration of liberty. See Cic. 2 Philip.

“ Such was our Roman discipline, as wise
 Perhaps, as man in blindness could devise;
 Unknowing whither led the paths he trod ;
 If child himself of chance, or work of God.
 But many a sage then saw, how weak a guide
 Through life’s dark maze our patriot school supplied ;
 How oft from Nature drew the mind astray ;
 How to ambition left and pride a prey.
 First he of men, the chief, who on the plain
 Could count ^d five thousand foes in battle slain ;
 Then slowly moving through th’ admiring throng,
 The victor’s car in triumph pass’d along ;
 His joyful troops with praise and loud acclaim,
 Above the stars extoll’d their hero’s fame ;
 Himself on high (his head with laurel crown’d)
 Stood up, and threw his scornful eyes around,
 As if he look’d, some god should now descend,
 With him in arms, fit rival, to contend ;
 Nor heeded he the ^e slave, who from behind
 Strove back to earth to call his soaring mind ;

^d Five thousand slain was the number which entitled the Roman general to a triumph.

^e In the Roman triumph a slave was usually placed behind

Nor notice'd, as he pass'd, the clanking chain,
 And mournful wailings of the captive train,
 Lamenting loudly their unhappy fate,
 Without one hope to cheer their abject state :
 Sad proof, that fortune's anger could depress,
 As could her smile exalt to happiness :
 High swell'd our patriot souls, if glory call'd ;
 Defeat subdued us, and disgrace appall'd.
 These truths I felt, when, to despair a prey,
 Self-wounded on the Thracian plain ^f I lay ;
 And the last groan, that issued from my breast,
 How vain the virtue I had known, confess'd.

“ But man no more is doom'd on earth to stray,
 Involv'd in mist, and doubtful of his way :

the victorious general, whose employment was to call out to him from time to time to remember “ *that he was a man.*”—According to some, the public executioner was chosen for this office, to shew that the laurels of victory would afford no shelter, to the conqueror, in case of future misconduct, from the sword of justice.

^f Philippi, where Brutus was defeated, was on the borders of Thrace—a short time before his death he repeated two Greek lines, the sense of which was, “ that he had followed virtue as something real, but that it was a mere name and the slave of fortune.”

Long since the wond'ring nations saw arise
The star of glory in the eastern skies ;
Far beam'd its rays, beyond the utmost bound
Of nature's reign, the gulph of death profound ;
And piercing through the clouds of thickest night
To realms, till then, conceal'd from human sight,
Disclos'd a world unknown ; where joy and peace
For ever dwell, and toil and sorrow cease :
Then too was heard, his voice, whose precepts teach
The sons of earth those blest abodes to reach ;
That voice which deign'd unfold heaven's gracious plan,
And justified the ways of God to man ;
Bade pride no more her meaner neighbours scorn,
Since men in weakness, all, and sin are born ;
Bade power be just, and wealth in bounty flow,
Or tremble at the doom of future woe ;
Bade poverty look up, and cheer'd her eyes
With better treasures than this earth supplies ;
Bade suff'ring virtue on her God depend
(The world her foe, heaven's self shall be her friend;) ;
Taught her with joy a life of toil and care,
As the short trial of her faith, to bear ;

Nor, though the pow'rs of hell besiege her door,
The paths of vice for refuge to explore;
Nor dare the cause of right by wrong defend;
Nor hope, the means are hallowed by the end:
Think'st thou, vain man! the Lord of all can need
A murderer's sword to make a tyrant bleed?
Could not his will annihilate his foe
Before thy puny hand could aim the blow?
Take heed, lest, while thy stubborn thoughts reject
His grace, and treat his goodness with neglect,
For guides preferring to his holy word,
Poor purblind mortals, who in darkness err'd,
(Of whom the wisest & and the best, alone
This knowledge gain'd, that nothing he had known)
The God, whose milder voice thou would'st not hear,
May speak in sounds of thunder to thine ear;
And in thy punishment to sin declare,
His arm can reach, though long his mercies spare.

¶ Socrates.

THE END.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.







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